THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV —No. 975

AUGUST 9, 1922

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

"IF SUMMER DON'T"—BY BARRY PAIN

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
York, 7th June, 1922.—"It may interest you to know that the former retreads supplied 14 months ago are still in use on front wheels and have done over 5,000 miles."
Yours truly,———

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.
BOLLINGER'S
CHAMPAGNE
1914
Vintage

Hotel Rubens
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1
(Facing the Palace)
AN IDEAL POSITION IN THE HEART OF LONDON
One Minute from Victoria Station.
Hotel Attendant meets all Continental Trains at Victoria Station, to conduct visitors to the Hotel and attend to Luggage.
ALL CHARGES GREATLY REDUCED.
Inclusive Terms by Arrangement.
Bedrooms with Private Bathroom, H. & C. Water Supply in every Room. Rooms with 'Phone & Radiator.
CENTRAL HEATING.
Phone: Victoria 6600. Telegrams: "Rubetelier, Sowest, London."

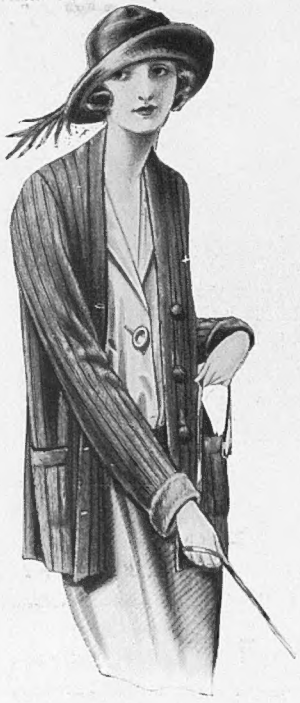
In 25 Shades. 42 Inches Wide. 1/8 per yard.
Tamborina
The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie
WRITE FOR PATTERNS and a DRAPER'S ADDRESS.
J. & N. PHILIPS & CO., LTD. Advt. Dept., MANCHESTER.

CORELLI VERMOUTH
Extract from "The Lancet."
"This Vermouth consists of a matured wine, to which has been added certain vegetable extracts, mostly derived from the cinchona family. The analytical results are typical of a good Vermouth. Skilful blending of the flavouring matters has resulted in a very palatable product, which is free from 'harshness' or excessive sweetness."
Wholesale Agents:
EDWARD YOUNG & CO. LTD., London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

Kunzle
HIGH GRADE
CHOCOLATES
MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.
PATENT CREAMS, Regd. 19215.

ROOD & CO LTD
50 YEARS' REPUTATION
52 & 53 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London, W.
BUY JEWELS
from us if you want good value
SELL JEWELS
to us if you want cash.
EXCHANGE JEWELS
with us if you want something new.
FINE JEWELS

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



Attractive

SPORTS COAT

for

Holiday Wear.

Real Cashmere Sports Coat (as sketch), made of best quality yarn in the fashionable cardigan shape, knitted in a ribbed stitch, and can be had in a large variety of colours. Useful for all sports or indoor wear.

PRICE

84/-

Real Silk Cardigan Coats,

73/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

STOCKINGS

That can be relied upon with the utmost confidence.

All wool Cashmere Stockings in Black and colours, silk clocks, extra good seams.
Fine quality **6/11** per pair
Stout quality **8/11** per pair

Silk Holeproof with ribbed wide top, lisle top and lisle feet.
8/11 per pair

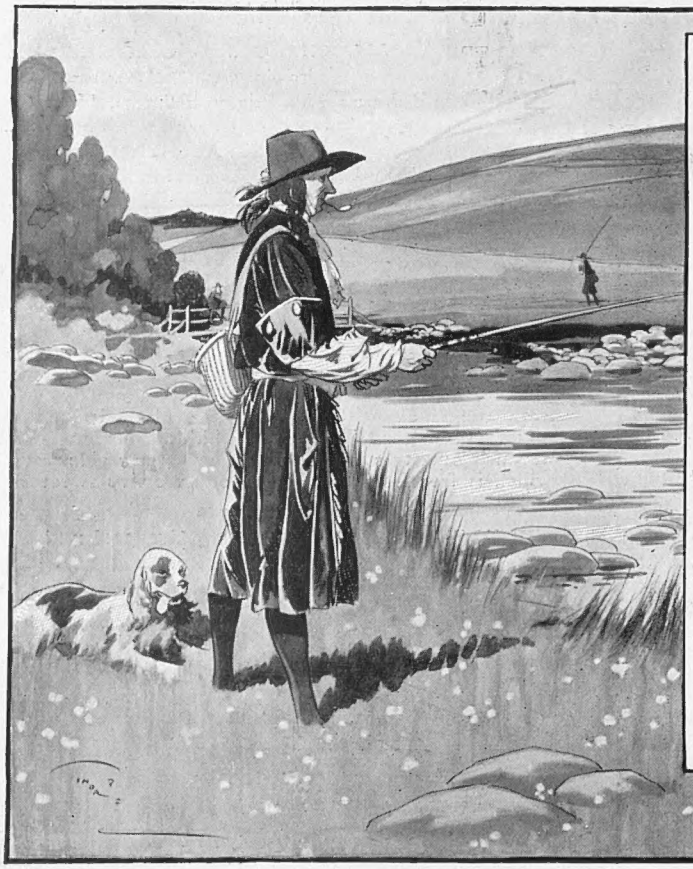
EXCEPTIONAL OFFER
in Silk holeproof, lisle feet and top, in Black, White, Suede, Mid Grey, Silver, Brown, Nigger, Tussore, Putty, Camel, and Beaver.
5/11 per pair
Actual price 8/11

Pure Silk Stockings, lisle feet and top, open work clock, dependable quality in Black, White, and colours
14/11 per pair

Pure Silk throughout Stockings in Black and large assortment of colours, open work clock.
13/6 per pair

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.



The quiet hours

When solitude and quiet serve your mood, and even your dearest friend would be an intruder, it's then that you turn with peculiar delight to the companionship of your beloved briar and your pouch of fragrant Three Nuns. It's then that you experience at their best the joy and comfort and inspiration of this fine tobacco

THREE NUNS Tobacco

is distinguished by its curious cut. Each circlet of tobacco composing it is a perfect blend in itself; this insures uniformity of quality and fragrance from the first puff to the last. Three Nuns gives you a slow, cool smoke, and contains no dust.

Sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets, 1-oz. 1/2—2-oz. 2/4.

Tins, 2-oz. 2/5—4-oz. 4/8.

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

733

Take the Aspirin that won the GRAND PRIX

Write to-day

for a Free Sample of Genasprin

— the flawless brand of aspirin which won the highest possible awards — Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the International Hygiene Exhibition (Milan), in open competition against all other brands.

GENASPRIN

(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

Doctors prescribe Genasprin—for Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Insomnia, Colds, Rheumatism, etc.— because they know that it is absolutely pure and therefore non-injurious.

How to obtain the

FREE SAMPLE

Simply send us a two-penny stamp — to cover the cost of postage — and we will forward you a testing Sample of Genasprin together with an explanatory Booklet. Please mention this paper when writing.

(All Chemists stock Genasprin—or can get it for you—in bottles of 35 tablets, price 2/-.)

GENATOSAN LIMITED, Makers of

Sanatogen, Formamint, etc.

LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

South African Representative:

Mr. G. F. Oldfield, P.O. Box 816 Cape Town

RICH CRÊPE DE CHINE

CAMI-KNICKERS

AT SPECIAL PRICES

This dainty garment is an exact copy of a Paris model, and is made by our own workers from pure silk crêpe de Chine, and is suitable for day or evening wear.

DAINTY CAMI-KNICKERS (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, new long-waisted bodice, the skirt trimmed with attractive kilted net frills, the bodice finished with band of net, and hem-stitched shoulder straps. In Pink, Mauve, Sky, Ivory, Ochre and Black,

PRICE

39/6

In rich quality crepe jersey. In Mauve, Pink, Ivory, Sky and Ochre, **45/9**

In pure silk georgette. In Pink, Mauve, Ivory, Sky, Ochre and Black, **59/6**

Sent on Approval.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

No. 725

Made in various fittings, in a good range of "habit" colours.

Soft Felt Riding Hat, extra stout weight, silk lined throughout - - **42/-**

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

The Grey Hair Problem Solved

By an Entirely New Discovery.

Although hair dyes have been used by people who object to Grey Hair, all who have used these have wished that some more simple, safe and satisfactory method of renewing the colour could be found.

Nuctone Regd.

Supersedes Hair Dyes

Colour Restored Gradually, Permanently, Safely.

"Nuctone" meets the case exactly, and therefore supersedes hair dyes. All hair dyes must be used with caution. "Nuctone" can be used with absolute safety by anyone without the slightest risk, being guaranteed not to contain sulphur, lead, or any other injurious ingredient.

"Nuctone" performs its work unnoticed, each day gradually deepening the colour until the desired shade is reached. Everyone who has tried it is delighted with the results. Begin with "Nuctone" to-day. "Nuctone" for dark shades; "Nuctone" Éclaire for blonde or auburn shades; "Nuctone" Concentre for gentlemen. Price 6/6. By post 6d. extra (inland).

From Barkers, Harrods, Whiteley's, London; Lewis's, Manchester, Birmingham & Liverpool; Leading Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or from J. Stewart, Ltd., 80, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Women who use PONDS

The Seaside Girl

The blazing sun, strong sea winds and bathing have nothing but pleasure for the modern girl. She uses the world's two most perfect creams—Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream.

For day use Pond's—the original—Vanishing Cream, preserves and beautifies the complexion, keeping it at all times soft, supple and delicately white. Pond's disappears immediately into the skin—leaving no trace save a delicate perfume of Jacqueminot Roses.

Pond's Cold Cream should be used at night just before retiring, and gently massaged into the face, neck, hands and arms. Because it supplements the natural oil of the skin, Pond's Cold Cream obliterates redness, roughness and skin blemishes, and prevents lines and wrinkles.

The use of these two creams regularly protects the complexion against all the elements, and, while protecting, beautifies in a wondrous manner. Pond's Creams never promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all chemists and stores in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6; also collapsible tubes, 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW BLOUSES FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

NEW BLOUSE in georgette finely tucked at sides and beautifully embroidered. The embroidery also appears on the back of the blouse, accentuating the new neck line, and is carried right down the sleeves. In Cherry, Royal, Orange, Silver Grey, Nigger, Navy/Sand, Navy/Grey, all Ivory, Ivory / Black, Black / Grey, all Black and Fuchsia.

PRICE

79/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

GOSSIP.

There is a good deal of Gossip that is of no account and can be passed without taking any notice of it,

but

THE STOCK EXCHANGE GOSSIP

and

THE MINING GOSSIP

appearing daily in

THE FINANCIER

contain valuable and useful information for investors.

Every reader of

The Financier

appreciates these two daily features.

PURCHASE A COPY TO SEE WHAT INFORMATION IS GIVEN TO-DAY.

On Sale at Bookstalls and Newsagents
PRICE - TWOPENCE.

Head Office: 54, Wool Exchange, E.C. 2.

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF SHOOTING KIT

Burberry Shooting Suit
Model A 1802

"Sportsmen going North should take Burberry Kit, then if it rains, blows or swelters, comfort and security are assured"

Uncertain weather counts for little if the kit be BURBERRY, because, made in closely woven, Burberry-proofed materials, it provides an effective shield against sudden storms, continuous drizzle or cold wind.

ON THE OTHER HAND if the day be fine, Burberry Kit is equally serviceable, as the cloths ventilate perfectly and are remarkably light in weight—just the thing for tramping over rough country under a hot sun.

PROTECTIVE POWERS apart, Burberry Kit actively assists skill by allowing absolute freedom to the arms and shoulders. Each model is evolved from intimate knowledge of shooting requirements, and embodies every feature that contributes to the full enjoyment of moorland sport.

"I have been out in the very wettest weather, and although my friends in ordinary shooting clothes have been wet through, I have never had a drop come through."—C. H., Coventry.

Catalogue, Patterns & Prices Post Free

The Tweed Burberry
1890 Pattern

Complete Shooting Kit in 2 to 4 Days or Ready-to-Wear

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Agents in Provincial Towns.

Burberrys Ltd

FASHIONABLE WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE COATS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

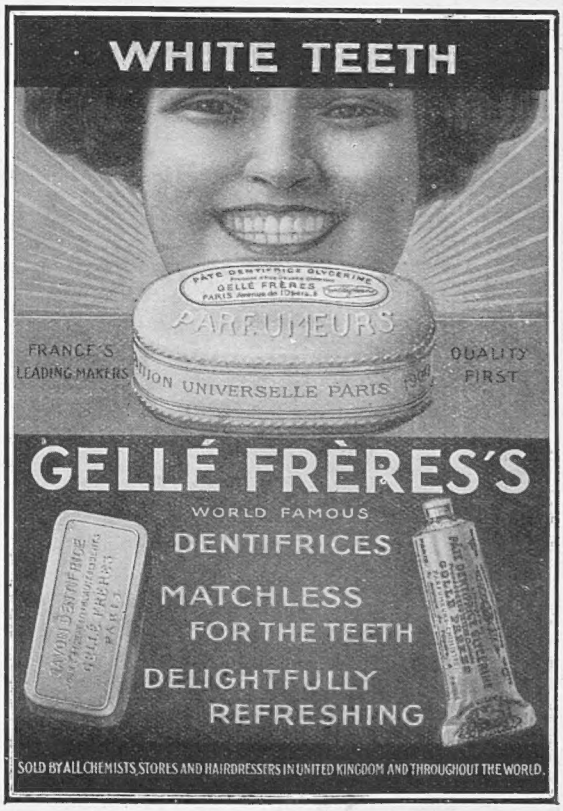
This attractive Woollen Stockinette Coat is made from the softest quality yarn in beautiful colourings. It is smartly tailored and is a most becoming garment for Holiday and Sports wear.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE COAT (as sketch) made from softest quality yarn in beautiful shades for present wear. Very smartly tailored and bound silk braid in self or contrasting colours.

PRICE
7 Gns.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody (DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.



Go Great Western
to the
Ideal Cambrian Coast Resorts

Magnificent Express Service and Cheap Tourist and Excursion Facilities to

ABERYSTWYTH, ABERDOVEY, TOWYN, BARMOUTH, HARLECH, PORTMADOC, CRICCIETH, PWLLHELI, etc.

Full particulars of Train Services, Excursion, Tourist and Week-end Arrangements, etc., obtainable at the Company's Stations or Offices, or from Enquiry Office, Paddington Station, W.2. 'Phone: Paddington 7000.

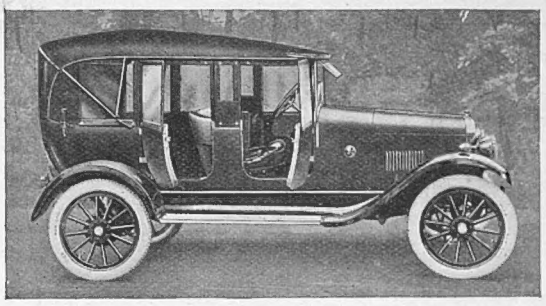
The Holiday Line offers the Widest Choice of

CHARMING HOLIDAY HAUNTS

"North Wales" Travel Book, price 3d., at Stations and Offices, or by post for 9d. from Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.2.

Go Great Western

(FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager*



Overland British-Built Model All-Weather Touring Car.

395 Gns. (Deferred payments can be arranged)

The Overland British-built Model All-weather Touring Car with hood and side curtains up makes an ideal all-weather car. The side curtains fit snugly all round, giving protection equal to that afforded by a Limousine.

The whole car, completely equipped and fitted with the famous Fisk Tyres, is priced at 395 Guineas.

Early delivery may be had and definite dates obtained from an Overland Agent, no matter where you live.

The Overland Service Department is always at your disposal. Large stocks of spares for all models are instantly available.

ONCE AN **Overland** ALWAYS AN OVERLAND

THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN

We should like you to have a trial run; performance will prove our statements.

1922 OVERLAND MODELS:

British Model Touring Car	395 Gns.
British Model 2-seater, with double dickey	380 Gns.
Three-quarter Landaulette	£515
Standard Model Touring Car	£295
Sedan	£475

All prices ex works.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.
British Factory and Sales Department. Heaton Chapel, Manchester.
Showrooms - 151-3, Great Portland Street, London, W.1
London Service Depot:
111, Lots Rd., Kings Rd., Chelsea, London, S.W.

Sunday

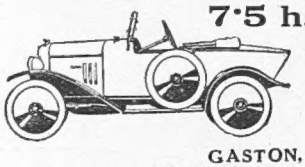
"The Journal with a high Standard of Efficiency, of human interest, and of devotion to National Ideals."

Times

250 guineas

We are broadcasting the good news that the 7·5 h.p. Citroën is now in full production.

CITROËN
7·5 h.p.



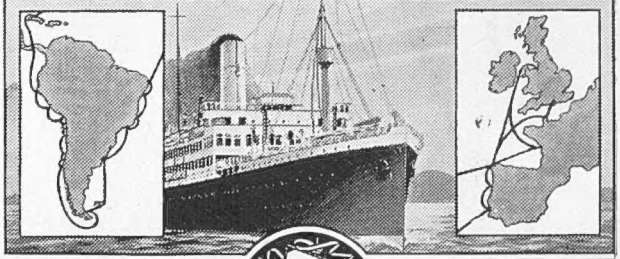
Four Cylinders Water-Cooled. Electric Lighting and Starting. Differential in back axle. Five Michelin Wheels and Tyres. Tax £8 per annum.

PROMPT DELIVERIES.

Send for the Citroën Book.

GASTON, Ltd.,
60, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

South America



R·M·S·P P·S·N·C

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE E.C.2
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THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GOREE, WATER STREET
LIVERPOOL

Also at LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, & SOUTHAMPTON.

GREEN STRIPE

SCOTCH WHISKY

"For the man who knows the difference!"

J & G STEWART LTD
incorporating
(ANDREW USHER & Co)
EDINBURGH
& 79 MARK LANE LONDON E.C
Established 1779

RICH CRÊPE DE CHINE

TEA FROCKS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

This practical and attractive Teafrock is made by our workers from rich quality crêpe de Chine. It is cut on graceful and becoming lines and has been designed for holiday and seaside wear.

PRACTICAL HOLIDAY TEAFROCK (as sketch) in rich quality crêpe de Chine, the low waistline defined by piping cord, which is also used as a finish to the top of sleeves giving extra fulness to the bodice, trimmed with beads and finished with sash of own material with long ends. In Black, White and a variety of fashionable colours.

SPECIAL PRICE

58/6

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

WONDERFUL VALUE
in
Italian Pure Silk
VEST
and
KNICKERS

Exceptionally charming and delightful in wear is this Italian Silk Vest, well cut, perfect fitting. Specially reinforced under arm. Opera shape, finished ribbon shoulder straps. In Pink or Orchid.

SPECIAL PRICE
8/11

Directoire Knickers finished elastic at waist and knee. In the same quality and colours.

SPECIAL PRICE
11/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

INEXPENSIVE
WELL-TAILORED
SHIRTS
FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

WE have a large and varied stock of inexpensive and exclusive Tailored Shirts, all of which are made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers.

The value of these Shirts is quite exceptional.

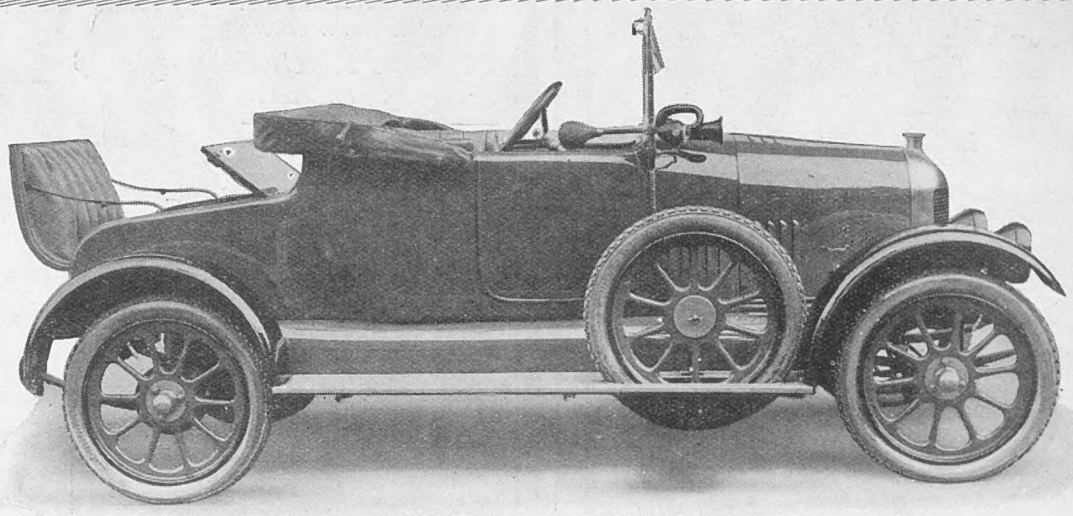
Attractive Waistcoat Shirt (as sketch) made in pure silk Schappe perfectly cut and tailored with the becoming roll collar.

Size 13 to 14½

PRICE **29/6**

Outsizes **2/-** extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1



At 395 Guineas, complete, the 11.9 h.p. Morris-Oxford Car offers an *absolutely safe reputation* allied to a very high degree of finish and comfort. Every detail of both chassis and coachwork may be relied upon as being wonderfully SOUND and long-lasting.

The equipment includes electric lighting and starting, 28 x 3½ inch Dunlop Magnum Tyres, detachable steel wheels, spare wheel and tyre, headlights and lamps, double windscreen, real leather upholstery, upholstered dickey seat, new All-Weather Hood, horn and full kit of tools.

Morris Motors, Ltd.,
Cowley, Oxon.

The Morris-Oxford

There is no such thing as a "BEST SCOTCH WHISKY"

IT is a matter of taste—of palate—of appreciation. That is why MACKINLAY'S M.L. *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY has a select following that selects it for its flavour—for Mackinlay's Liqueur has 'A Highland Flavour About It.' ¶ *Blended where it is distilled and bottled where it is blended!* That means a lot; it means

MACKINLAY'S ML *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY

13/6 Per Bottle

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO
Distillers & Blenders, Leith & Inverness
London Address: 59 Mark Lane, E.C.3

AT REDUCED PRICES.

HOWARD'S "DUVET"

EASY CHAIRS & SETTEES

DECORATIVE WOODWORK and FURNITURE.

Painting and Restorations.

HOWARD & SONS Ld., 25-27, Berners St., W.1

The Bystander, August 9, 1922 No. 975. Vol. LXXV.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"VY GROUSE?"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45.
ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," YVETTE RUGEL, FRED BARNES, THE JOVERS, CHORUS of the BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA CO, GRESHAM SINGERS, Etc.

ADELPHI, (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR. Evgs. 8.30.
Archie Naish and a piano, followed at 9 by
Irene Vanbrugh in "BELINDA." Wed. & Thurs. at 2.30.

LYRIC. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Mai Bacon, Derek Oldham, Margaret Campbell.

ST. JAMES'S. Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30
THE BAT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart & Avery Hopwood.
ARTHUR WONTNER EVA MOORE.

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The Gateway of the Scottish Highlands.

SEA PASSAGE 28 HOURS.

The favourite steamer **"PERTH,"** built 1915, 2,063 registered tonnage, luxuriously fitted and furnished throughout, sails

From London every Wednesday
and
From Dundee every Saturday.

12-DAY TOURS

From LONDON to CARNOUSTIE and back:
1st Class, **£10 10 0** 2nd Class, **£8 8 0**
From LONDON to PITLOCHRY and back:
1st Class, **£14 0 0** 2nd Class, **£12 0 0**

These fares include all meals on Steamer, Rail Fares and full board at first-class Hotels.

For further particulars please apply:—
THE DUNDEE, PERTH, AND LONDON SHIPPING CO., LTD.,
61, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 26, East Dock Street, DUNDEE,
or any of the Company's Offices and Agents.

TAMARA
BATH POWDER

7/6 The hardest water is made wonderfully soft by adding a little Tamara. 12/6

BULLOCK'S
3, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

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Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

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VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.

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POURVILLE
ST. VALÉRY-EN-CAUX
FÉCAMP
ÉTRETAT
TRÉPORT-MERS
FORGES-LES-EAUX
ROUEN CAUDEBEC
SEINE VALLEY.

Two Express Services, Week-days and Sundays, from VICTORIA (Brighton Railway), 10 0 a.m. and 8.20 p.m.

Week-end Tickets to DIEPPE issued every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. No passports required for Week-end visit.

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Illustrated Guide to Normandy Coast and Inland Health Resorts, post free 1s. 3d., from Publicity Dept. L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge Terminus, S.E.1.

Yardley's
Old English Lavender Soap

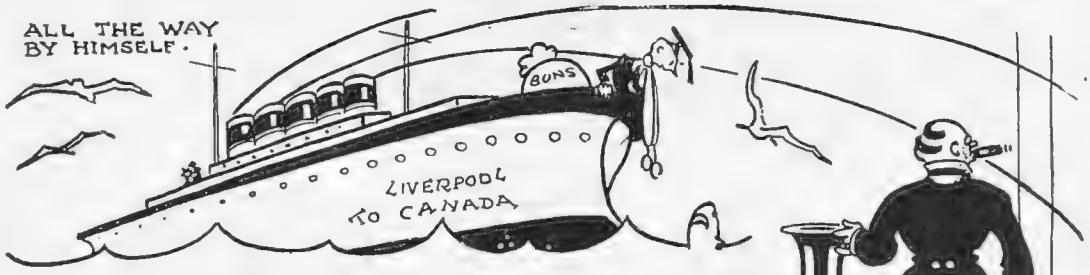
Fills the Hand Basin with its delightful fragrance. Of exquisite purity, it refines the skin and keeps the complexion youthful.

Box of **3** large tablets **3/6.**
Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from
YARDLEY & CO., LTD.
8, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
By Appointment *Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

STRAKER-SQUIRE

The Famous 4 cyl. Model Perfected
Chassis Price £650 15-20 h.p. Tax £20
STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD EDMONTON, LONDON, N.18

SO CALLED STUPID BOY



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A COLLECTION ON HIS OWN BEHALF

No Soul to Save

THEY say that a syndicate has no soul to save and no body to kick. Possibly this fact accounts for the cynical refusal of the railway companies to introduce the promised reduction in fares during the present holiday season. A private trader would not dare to outrage popular feeling in such a way. He would be reasoned with by his victims in manner more forcible than polite. But you cannot reason with a railway company. And, when the coming amalgamations are effected, things will, presumably, be worse then ever.

The Forbes Family

I LEARN with regret that Sir William Forbes, of the Brighton Railway, is unlikely to control the Southern combination. If he is superseded on the score of economy, this will be another example of petty meanness for which big concerns are notorious. The Forbes family has made its mark in widely varied walks of life—if one looks no further than the paintings of Stanhope Forbes, who practically founded the Cornish school to which we are so greatly indebted.

As The Case May Be

A HUSBAND who objected to his wife going away alone on her holiday has, in the common or vulgar tongue, got it in the neck from a judge who decided that the lady was quite in order. Husbands are *so* unreasonable. Why shouldn't a wife enjoy herself for one week in the year? And if her husband happens to turn up at the same seaside resort, *must* he spoil sport?

Far out on the sands
You are holding her hands
Alone by the beautiful sea;
When, just as the daylight is fading away,
Her husband will stroll round the corner and say:
"Don't hurry back home—make the most of the day."
Yes, that's what her husband will probably say—
Or he won't, as the case may be.

Two Great Assets

WITH the arrival of school reports we are once more considering the case of the so-called stupid boy, who has an aggravating habit of beating his scholarly colleagues out of sight in the great race of life. The explanation is quite simple. The two great assets in life are imagination and a sense of humour, but these virtues don't gain prizes in the schools. Rather, they result in continual conflict with the authorities—and bad reports at term-end.

The Logic of it

I LIKE the enterprise of the gentleman from West London who decided to make a collection on his own behalf in order that he might send himself away for a much-needed holiday. The fact that he is spending his holiday in prison, and that it won't be much of a holiday, either, merely tempers my admiration with regret. If you can collect for a

ECCENTRIC AND FREAK STEPS

ROBEY PLAYING ROMEO

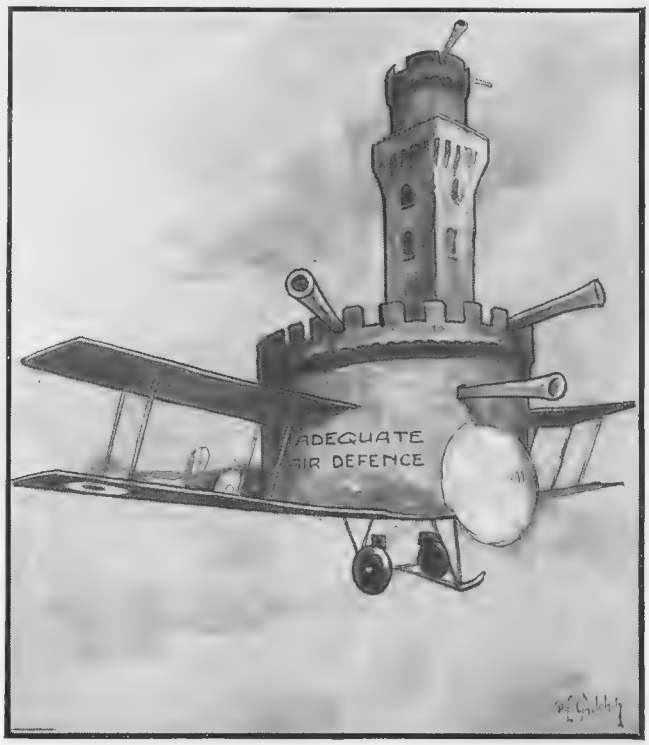
—Wicks—

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Sunday school, why can't you collect for a Sunday scholar? And, if this is in order, why can't that Sunday scholar be yourself?

Mottoes for the Million

THIS West London gentleman who is now doing time is yet another victim of those futile *clichés* that are drummed into us when we are most prone to believe everything we are told. "Charity begins at home" has a fine ring, but it lands you in prison. "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves" is the sort of seed that results in a depressing crop of mean and unenterprising humanity. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is the stuff of which servile stay-at-homes are made. Let us scrap these mottoes for the million, and bring out a braver book for better men.



By D. L. Ghilchik

ARE "CASTLES IN THE AIR" SO IMPRACTICABLE?

Say it to Music

THIS is what we are always being implored to do just now. Very well, I'll try, but I warn you I'm not very good at that sort of thing:

Why is everybody broke
Every quarter day?
Though we've put the brokers in
Will the Germans pay?
Where do income-taxes go
When they're overdue;
Does the tax collector call
All for love of you?

Following my example, I would like our judges to sing their bright bits. When they feel constrained to ask "Who is George Robey?" the result would be an excellent comic song instead of a dreary monologue. Something on these lines:

Where has Wilette Kershaw gone
Now she's left the Lane,
Shall we—as somebody said—
See her like again?
What an artist! What repose!
Some day we shall get
Robey playing Romeo
To her Juliet!

What Nonsense!

HOW insular we island-dwellers are to be sure! There has been no end of fuss made about a schoolboy who is travelling all the way from Liverpool to Canada by himself. When the boy was interviewed by one of our unconsciously comic-papers, "the little chap in his straw hat and grey tweeds remarked that he could not see anything remarkable about a boy his age making a sea voyage alone." The little chap in grey tweeds is quite right. There *is* nothing remarkable about it. Once he is on the boat, he can sit in his cabin until he reaches Canada—he must be careful how he walks down the gangway at the other end, that is all. A trip from Hampstead to Hammersmith is a much more dangerous matter.

Personal Papers

HAVE received a copy of *Bart's Broadsheet*, in which Bart Kennedy circulates his personal views on men and things. The idea appeals to me. Why shouldn't every man be his own editor? How nice, when you board your morning train, to be presented with nine daily papers by your nine companions in the railway carriage. How much nicer to see those nine people reading *your* paper. But would they?

"This Freedom"

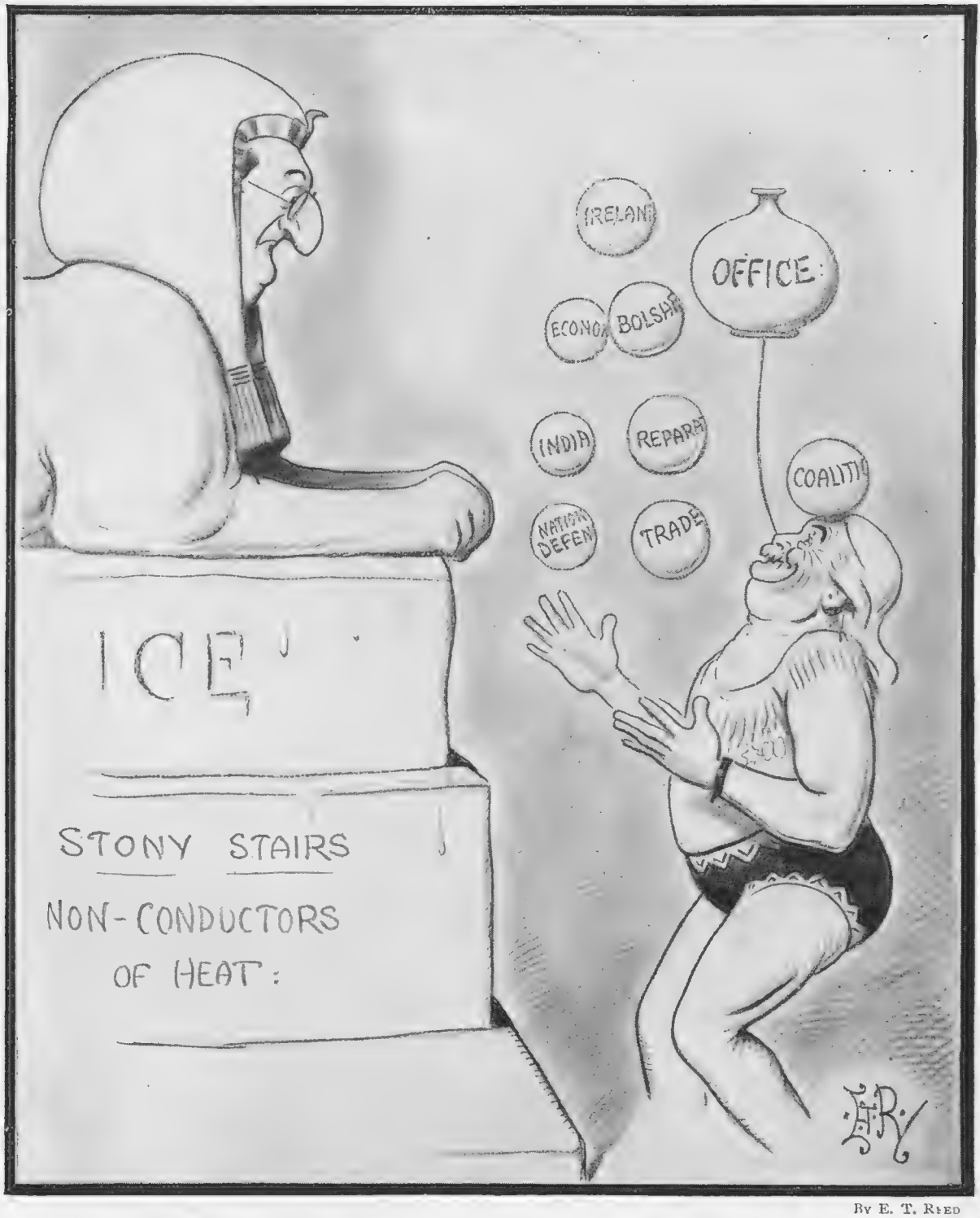
WHAT are the effects on a child when both parents pursue their vocations after marriage? Mr. Hutchinson in his new book would have us believe that the child will come to a bad end. Isn't it equally probable that the atmosphere of work in which the youngster finds himself will have a stimulating effect upon his future career? If work ennobles the male why shouldn't it ennoble the female?—assuming always that the mother spends some of the money she earns on securing a trained nurse, who probably knows more about children than she does herself.

For Bald Men Only

SOMETIMES a newspaper heading catches one's eye or one hears a scrap of conversation in the Tube without getting the drift of the argument.

By Victor Hicks

"What is the effect on a child when both parents pursue their vocations after marriage?"



By E. T. Reed

THE WIZARD AND THE SPHINX. *(Who has the Lighter Job?)*

The Sphinx (*Viscount Grey, after much persuasion to "say something"*): "I trust I shall not be considered either garrulous or verbose if I remark—'*What breathless versatility!*'" (*Relapses into arctic silence and impenetrable reserve*)

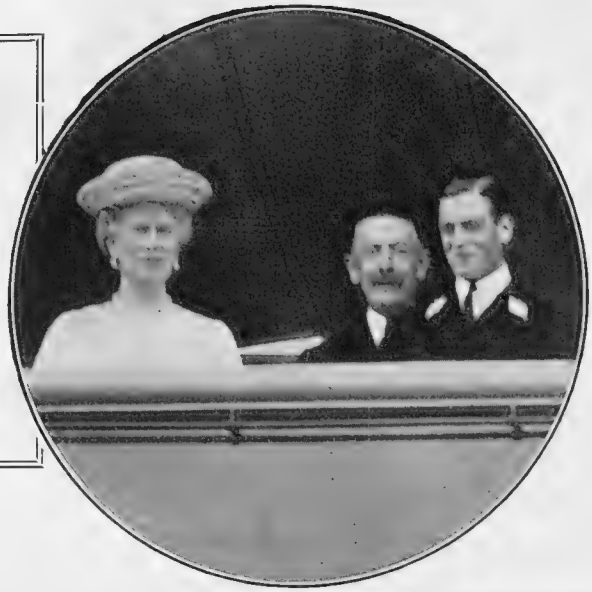
In some such way, I gather that bald men are to be treated by wireless. But how? I can only assume that a central broadcasting station will argue with the hair that is hibernating beneath the shiny scalp of the bald-headed, much as the Indian attendant argued with the obstinate elephant at the Zoo. "Come! Come!" I can hear the wireless sizzling: "Come! Come! This isn't playing the game. After all, the man's only fifty. Give him a chance!" Whereupon the hair would start sprouting, and someone would shout, "Beaver!" before he could get to a barber's shop.

Exit Eccentricity

Apparently the waltz is coming back into favour, and, if this is so, it will have an immediate effect on musical productions in the West End. Our native composers have been heavily handicapped by the craze for eccentric and freak steps, and most of our successful ballroom numbers have been imported from America. Now we are promised "English dances fit for English men and women to dance." It is time. We have had too much of a bad thing!

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



Photograph *Topical*

ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

Her Majesty with Prince George, who was with his Royal parents for Cowes week, on the deck of the Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert"

The Significance of Cowes

HER ancient glories came back to Cowes this year, but with certain modifications. The long line of yachts, each bearing a merry party aboard, which used to stretch far above and beyond the Royal Yacht Squadron, was sadly shorn of its former length. But yachts are the most expensive luxury of all, and consequently they are the first things to be popped out of the window when the tax-collector comes in at the door. However, notwithstanding the times, there was a fair number in the Roads,

Photograph *L. N. A.*

PRINCE GEORGE

Varies the day's yachting with a little tennis at Nubia House, Sir Godfrey Baring's place, afterwards dining with Lord and Lady Glentanar

Photograph *British Illustrations*

A FAMILY GROUP

The Marchioness of Headfort with her son and daughter, Lord Bective and Lady Millicent Taylour, on board the Earl of Fitzwilliam's "Shemara"

and most notable of all the new 500-ton motor-yacht *Sona*, of that veteran yachtsman, Lord Dunraven. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam had a party on their steam-yacht *Shemara*, likewise Lord Inchcape on the *Rover*.

On the other hand, all the houses were full, and not a room was to be had in the hotels. And if the number of pinnaces and boats waiting at the Squadron steps were appreciably fewer than of old, the Squadron Gardens seemed to be more crowded.

Cowes is the only function left that can be called "exclusive." The Royal Yacht Squadron has rigid rules as to membership, rules which may be neither waived nor broken, even at the request of Royalty, as a very wealthy man who once owned a yacht discovered to his intense disappointment and chagrin. For those who have not the *entrée* to the Squadron, Cowes is a very dull affair. They are merely onlookers. That is why the *arrivistes* leave Cowes severely alone; they always have done. The Royal Yacht Squadron is the acid test, and the fact that social aspirants rarely, if ever, add yachting to their London palaces and Scottish-moors is eloquent of the value of its membership. Even if the greatly-enriched and newly-arrived have yachts they don't take them to Cowes—that is, of course, unless they are indifferent to the Squadron. But that is just the sort of institution they are not indifferent about. So Cowes still remains a sort of family gathering of Society.

Photograph

COWES WEEK IN

Spectators watching the start of a race in the inter racing at Cowes will be found on pp. 300—301. This four boats chosen to represent

Adèle, Countess of Essex

THE sad death of Adèle, Lady Essex, caused a profound shock. She was one of the most delightful, and certainly the most beautiful, of our American peeresses. Twenty years ago she was the loveliest woman in Society, with glorious great eyes whose brilliance and darkness were enhanced by her *mat* complexion.

Lady Essex was of that type of American woman who become merged into the life of the country of their adoption, and like more than most Americans she had the gift of making close and intimate friends. She was

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A SMILING PARTY

Taken on board Mr. F. Chaplin's yacht, "Solace," and including the Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven (on the left), Princess Marguerite of Greece, Count Torby, Miss Meeking Miss Ruby Harding, and Mr. F. Chaplin

FULL SWING *Central News*

national six-metre class. Other pictures of the particular race was won by "Reg," one of the England against America

Photograph *Central News*

HIS MAJESTY

The King on board Major Hunloke's smart little 25-ton cutter, "Mavourneen," from which he witnessed a great deal of the racing

a charming hostess as all those who knew Cassiobury in her day will remember. Her marriage to the late Earl of Essex as his second wife was one of the earlier unions of the peerage and the United States. It took place in 1893, the year in which the Earl of Craven married the daughter of the vastly rich American, Mr. Bradley Martin — a double event which set the pens of Society commentators, and the pencils of caricaturists, hard at work.

Lord Essex died six years ago, also suddenly. He was found dead in his bed. He was succeeded by the son of his first marriage. He had two daughters by his second wife, one of whom, Lady Joan Capell, was married in June to Captain Oswald Peake.

Photograph *Topical Press*

ON THE R.Y.S. LANDING STAGE

Lord Inchcape's party coming ashore from his steam yacht, "Rover." Left to right: Lord Inchcape, the Earl of Haddington, the Hon. Elsie Mackay, Mrs. Stephen Bigelow, Lord Carnegie and the Hon Monica Nurnburnholme

A New Shape for Baths?

THE recurring tragedies brought about by baths—we all remember the recent death of Sir Arthur Pearson—gives an old friend of mine further justification for her hatred of them. She was born in the days before bath-rooms were universal, and has never been induced to use anything except a hip or a saucer bath. To this day she hotly defends her dislike of the long, fixed bath. "They either drown you or give you typhoid fever," she declares.

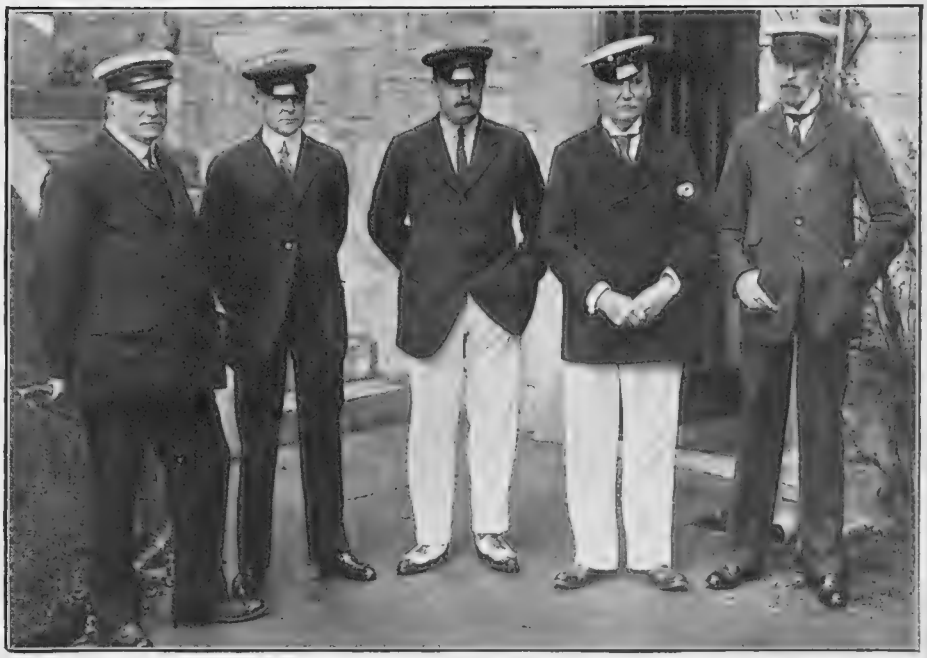
This was the general opinion in her youth, and there was certainly a degree of truth in the latter part of the charge for the plumbers of those times were astonishingly careless as to the drains into which the waste bath water went. It was always declared that King Edward caught the typhoid fever which nearly killed him when Prince of Wales from a bath-room.

Doctors so often warn patients with weak hearts to be careful about baths, that one wonders some inventive genius has not set to work to make drowning in them impossible. As it is, a sudden faintness, and nothing can save you, the slippery sides giving you no hand-hold. Many baths are unnecessarily deep, and I have never understood why they should be of the one particular pattern. Why not something much shallower and following the shape of the human figure? Here is a chance for a plumbing genius—if it is plumbers who design baths.

Photograph *British Illustrations*

EARL FITZWILLIAM'S DAUGHTERS

Lady Joan and Lady Donatia Fitzwilliam on board their father's yacht, "Shemara," at Cowes



Photograph *Central News*

THE ROYAL YACHT SAILING COMMITTEE

From left to right: Colonel Baillie MacCalmont, C.B., Sir Archibald J. Orr Ewing, Mr. Cyril Potter, the Marquis of Ormonde, and the Duke of Leeds (Commodore)

Some London Bath-rooms

DURING a recent house-hunting excursion with a friend in Mayfair, and what used to be called Belgravia, I was amazed at the oddity of some of the bath-room arrangements we came across. Obviously the houses were built before bath-rooms were regarded as essential. Later generations had just tucked a bath in anywhere.

In one house close to Eaton Square, the only bath was in the principal bed-room, so we presumed that the master and mistress of the house alone used it, or that other members of the family had to seize the opportunity of a hurried tub when mamma and papa were out. In another house the bath was in a dark cubby-hole beyond the staircase—and the telephone was in the same place! In a third it was only divided by a curtain from a maid's sewing-room; and in a fourth it was in the basement. All these houses were houses of

Photograph *Topical Press Agency*

ENTERING THE ROYAL SQUADRON ENCLOSURE

The Duchess of Sutherland with Lady Cheetham, having come ashore from Lord Birkenhead's motor yacht, "Mairi"

Photograph *Central News*

AT COWES

Lady Baring and her daughter walking to the Royal Squadron Gardens for tea. Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring were entertaining a large house-party for the week at Nubia House

circumstance with fine reception rooms —and with rents and premiums in proportion to the address.

But our forebears did not attach the same importance to baths that we do, and it is only within comparatively recent times that some of the biggest country houses in England have had fitted baths installed.

"To Meet the Prime Minister"

Coming out under the portico of Sir Arthur Crosfield's house at Highgate on the afternoon of the party he and Lady Crosfield gave for the Prime Minister, it was difficult to believe that London literally laid at one's feet. There was not a house to be seen; nothing but wide-stretching slopes of green, and fine trees. Actually, one was looking on the Nightingale Valley and Ken Wood, but it might have been Devonshire. That illusion, however, was speedily dispelled by the company gathered round the garden-house at the end of the tennis-courts. The majority of the men, including Mr. Lloyd George, had come straight from the House of Commons, to find Lord Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law on the opposite sides of the net in a tennis match, Lords *v.* Commons.

Lord Balfour had Mr. Stonor, one of the officials of the House of Lords, as his partner, Mr. Bonar Law had Commander Locker-Lampson. The Lords won. Lord Balfour plays a powerful and steady game, and is one of those happy players who seem always able to meet the ball without rush or scramble.

All the political world was there, with a goodly sprinkling of Ambassadorial and other folk. The Grenadiers' band played in a little *bosquet* on the lower lawn, and for those who were not interested in watching the tennis and talking about Pontypridd, there was charming Elizabethan music within doors in a gorgeous saloon of brown and gold. The Prime Minister held an uninterrupted court, and was in such spirits, and looked so fresh and unjaded that one might have thought it was the beginning rather than the end of the Session.

But on the whole I don't think politicians look so worn and weary at the end of July as they used to do. I ventured this opinion to a Member of Parliament who immediately said, "Now that you have to do what the Whips tell you to do, you haven't to think so much, and that saves a lot of fatigue."

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY SYBIL GREY

The daughter of the late Earl Grey, and of Alice, Countess Grey, whose engagement to Mr. Lambert William Middleton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Middleton, of Lowood, Melrose, is announced. During the War Lady Sybil served with the Anglo-Russian ambulance column in Russia, and in 1916 was wounded during bomb practice

Photograph *Harris*

MISS LILIAN CARY-ELWES

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cary-Elwes, of Courtlands, Eltham, and a granddaughter of Sir Roper Parkington, whose marriage to Mr. Francis D. M. Crackanthorpe, late R.N., the eldest son of Mr. Dayrell E. M. Crackanthorpe, C.M.G., of Newbiggin Hall, Westmorland, will take place this autumn

Mannequins à la Mode

If it is true that a certain number of young women of the *monde* are taking up the occupation of *mannequin* simply to fill up their time, I think they should be sternly discouraged, since that means they are taking the livelihood away from girls who have to earn their living. If, however, they, too, are anxious to earn their living, one can wish them well. But the blare of trumpets with which their forthcoming irruption into the dressmakers' *salons* is being heralded makes one somewhat doubtful. Whether they are taking up the work for amusement or for pennies they will find that it is far more exhausting and exacting than it appears to be, and that long hours and punctuality are the demand of every day.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND

Mr. Reginald Douglas Jebb, headmaster of Springfield Park Preparatory School, Horsham, and Miss Eleanor Belloc, who were married at Westminster Cathedral last week. The bride is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's eldest daughter

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

The Holiday Season

After Goodwood there is a breathing-space for racegoers. True, there are plenty of meetings during the first three weeks of August, but they savour largely of a holiday character, and many of the regular faces are missing. The sea and the moors are calling them away, and the racing army will not get properly together again until York, when the big autumn events will be under discussion. At the moment it is not easy to say exactly what sort of race we shall have for the St. Leger. Captain Cuttle's lameness, which prevented him from running at Goodwood, is, apparently, not bad enough to keep Fred Darling awake at night. The colt is reported to have resumed easy work last week, but, of course, the real test will come when his trainer starts upon his strenuous preparation for the St. Leger.

Condition Imperative

Fred Darling is much too practical a man to leave anything to chance. If Captain Cuttle is to break down he would much rather have him do it at home than in the actual race, and he is not likely to make the mistake of sending the colt to Doncaster only three-parts fit. That would be simply courting disaster. We do not want another Craig an Eran fiasco. Most of us, not excluding his trainer, were deceived into thinking that Craig an Eran had nothing to do last year, and those who laid the odds on him were brought sharply to realise that a horse must be absolutely at the top of his powers if he is to win the St. Leger. This applies equally, of course, to less important events, but in the last of the classic races the pace is usually a cracker from the start, and condition is simply imperative.

Cuttle's Chance

Captain Cuttle is cast in a substantial mould, and impresses me as being a colt who will need a strong preparation for the Town Moor. Thus the soreness he displayed at Goodwood is of more than passing significance, and it would be absurd to suggest that his prospects of winning the St. Leger are quite so bright as they were a month ago. I sincerely hope that all will go well with him, for it would be lamentable to see the best three-year-old of the season prevented by leg trouble from taking his place in the classic field on the Town Moor. Meanwhile, it would obviously be imprudent to back him at current prices.

Manton's Hope

The Derby winner's progress will be followed with special interest at Manton, for if the Captain's preparation is interrupted it will mean that Tamar will dispossess him of the favouritism. Lord Astor has found the St. Leger, like the Derby, a very difficult race to win. He has already suffered great disappointments on the Town Moor with Buchan and Craig an Eran, but success for Tamar would pay for all. The two races he had at Goodwood were too easy for us to be any the wiser as to Tamar's real merits, but it seems to be that he is becoming stronger and more robust as the season progresses, and we ought to see him at something like the top of his powers in the autumn. Take away Captain Cuttle and Tamar and we are left with a woefully poor lot in the final classic event. Their absences would give another Polemarch a chance of success.

No Likely Outsider

I should like to pick out a likely outsider in the St. Leger, something really worth backing at long odds, but I must confess that I am not enamoured of the entry apart from the two favourites, and I am not likely to choose a long-priced 'un to beat either one or the other of the pair. At the moment Tamar "each way" would seem to be the most sensible bet. But I doubt whether any bookmaker would lay you a real price about the Manton colt now that his great rival is temporarily under a cloud.

By "The Tout"

MR W. ALLISON AND A FRIEND

Both well-known figures on the turf. Mr. Allison has just given us another of his delightful reminiscences, "Memories of Men and Horses," which will find a place on every sportsman's bookshelf. Mr. Allison is also the organiser of the "Old Kate" Fund

At Redcar

The pleasant round of North Country meetings, which started at Ripon last week, will be continued at Redcar on Wednesday and Thursday. As usual, the chief event here will be the Redcar Handicap on the second day, which has the makings of an attractive affair. I am writing before the publication of the acceptances, but I do not think Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen can complain of the weight which **Eaglehawk** has received, considering how stylishly that colt scored at Liverpool. I am prepared to see the Redcar Foal Stakes won by **Montcalm,** which would be a popular result, seeing that his owner is a Yorkshire M.F.H. **Re-echo** should certainly secure the Great National Breeders' Stakes unless he has gone all to pieces.

Kempton and Windsor

On the same days as the Redcar meeting we have good racing in the South at Kempton Park, where **Crubenmore** may win the Greenwood Handicap. In the absence of some of the cracks the International Two-Year-Old Stakes might go to **Jeddart,** though I fear this colt is likely to develop a will of his own, which one day might prove expensive to his backers. **Morning Light** is an obvious tip for the Princess Handicap on the second day of the meeting. At Windsor I fancy **Le Roi** for the Castle Handicap and **Flavius** for the Summer Handicap.

R. S. V. P.

BY WILMOT LUNT

"Mother, what day was I born on?"
"Thursday, darling!"
"How fortunate. Why, that's your 'at home' day!"

BY ALFRED LEETE

"MY BIRD, I THINK"

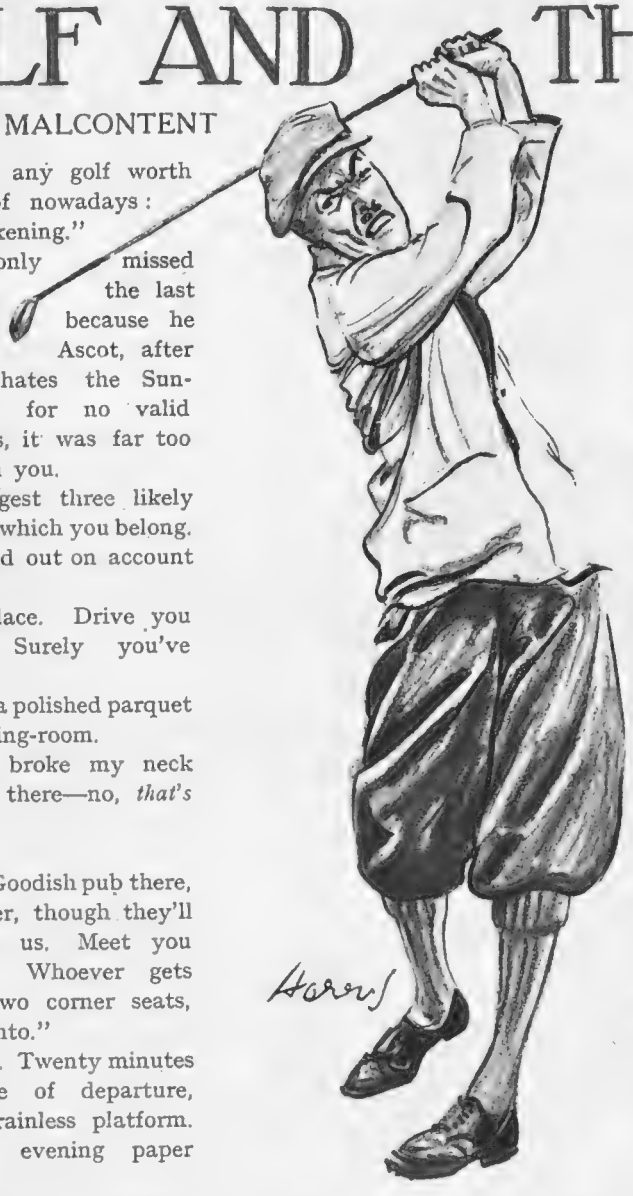
NEW SERIES

GOLF AND THE MAN

No. IV.—THE MALCONTENT

BY DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS



"I NEVER get any golf worth speaking of nowadays: simply sickening."

And he has only missed one week-end in the last five. And then because he was staying at Ascot, after the races, and hates the Sunningdale course, for no valid reason. "Besides, it was far too hot," he had told you.

Then you suggest three likely courses, to two of which you belong.

The first is ruled out on account of the flies.

"Infest the place. Drive you nearly crazy. Surely you've noticed it?"

The second has a polished parquet floor to the dining-room.

"Dam nearly broke my neck last time I was there—no, *that's* no good."

"Seaville?"

"M-m! Yes. Goodish pub there, far as I remember, though they'll probably swindle us. Meet you at the station. Whoever gets there first bags two corner seats, first smoker. Righto."

He is there first. Twenty minutes before the time of departure, scowling on a trainless platform. He waves the evening paper morosely at you.

"Can't even supply you with a train when you *do* get here." He indicates the empty metals. "Not a dog's chance of getting a seat, old man, hope you realise that." He scans the crowd hopelessly.

"But these people are not going 'first,' you old mug-wump!" you respond gaily, "carriage to ourselves probably."

"Oh, yes, they will. Everyone does now, since the War. All profiteers—look at 'em."

You follow his jaundiced gaze over tired "third seasons," carrying the invariable basket of fish and the week-end parcel from the Stores, as the train backs quietly in. . . .

"Well, we had a very comfy journey down, anyway," you yawn, as the train puffs round a bend between Sussex Downs, and you marshal things from the rack.

"I went to sleep," he mutters, heavily, "thing I never do. Dreamt all my Canadian stock had dropped a couple of points; it hasn't, has it?" He scrambles open the crumpled paper. . . .

You suggest playing for the usual half sovereign. He is at least three strokes better than you.

"Have it your own way. Rather play for a quid, personally; makes you steadier."

You agree. The caddies both perk up and hurriedly make their own side bets in sibilant whispers.

"Oh, of course, if I've got my own caddie betting against me as well, that's done it," he says, feeling about with the head of his driver for a good spot on the already perfect tee. "Never saw anything like these tees. Do they have scrum practices on them at night, boy? Put it there—rotten place, but what are you to do? There you are! What did I tell you? Pulled it all off to the left. Impossible second, from there. I'd better give you this hole. Start fair again at the next—all those chattering fellers round the club-house."

As a matter of fact, he has hit a nearly perfect drive, and is down in a classic four.

"H'm!" is the only comment, "silly making that bogey five; any fool——"

At the eleventh, where you are all square and both playing steadily down to your respective handicaps, he suddenly remembers an old grievance.

"Can't understand why people will hang up photographs in clubhouses of old dodderers who won the cup in 1880—puts me off frightfully. That old fool over the mantelpiece here is the living spit of my father-in-law, a dreadful feller. . . . Now where the deuce has *that* ball gone? Kicked off, has it? Not surprised. Pity they can't dynamite some of these rocks off the fairways here. This'll be your hole. . . . What, am I one down? Too much money on this game, always rattles me. Give you the quid now if you like; might just as well. I've gone all to pieces. Knew I should down here; overrated course; sea air too strong altogether; sun in your eyes the entire time; hopeless. . . . Now, how can any man, short of a Wethered, he expected to keep his ball on *that* green in this weather? I mean the thing's absurd—what? I'm dead, did you say, caddie? We-ll I played the shot all wrong, anyhow. . . . What is it now, all square and one to go? Certain to think of that cursed photo while I'm putting. It's a gift for you, this hole, my boy. . . . Oh, well, it was a flukey win for me. Wish we'd made it two pounds, you can easily afford it; whereas I'm nearly broke. I'll pay for the lunch. Sure to be a rotten one; I *know* these seaside so-called clubs, believe me. . . . Good lunch, did you think?

"GOLF AND THE MAN" (concluded)

I didn't. Lamb was as tough as a halter; stuff they call mint sauce is simply raw vinegar—however, suppose one mustn't grumble."

And so you go on. An opaque gloom settles upon you; upon the famous course; the snug hotel; the very Sussex atmosphere. Until, when you board the Sunday evening train, you feel as if you had not been playing remarkably good golf, but rather as if you had been assisting at the laying-out of the corpses of several of your dearest friends.

To your astonishment the malcontent had said, as you crossed the bridge to the "up" platform, "Wise thing to travel up on Sunday; enables you to start fair on the Monday morning."

You can credit him, anyway, with at least one philosophic remark. Come, things are looking up.

But the inevitable happens as the train bumps over Charing Cross Bridge in the twilight of the Sunday evening. The malcontent opens his eyes, unties the knots in his face, looks sadly out on the river beneath, and murmurs:

"Very depressing London looks on a Sunday evening; wish we hadn't come back to *this*; 'sides, there won't be a single taxi in the station, mark my words. I believe I've lost my ticket, too—where—the—devil——. Didn't give it to you, did I? Curse the thing! No. I felt in that pocket, you ass. Never *can* keep a ticket; always lose them—lose everything! On the seat, is it? Why on earth didn't you *say* so?"

DELL LEIGH

Next Week—No. V.
"*THE EGOIST*"

Photograph ST. MORITZ—THE QUEEN OF THE ENGADINE *Othmar Rutz*

Few people realise that St. Moritz, so famous for its winter sports, has, as well, all the attractions of a summer resort. There are two perfect golf links and all the best hotels have excellent hard courts, the International Lawn Tennis Championship of Switzerland being now in progress, and there is fine trout fishing in all the lakes and streams. A perennial paradise of pleasure—indeed, a resort embodying all those *spors Anglais* without which our enjoyment is never complete

Getting Ready for the "Glorious Twelfth"

AWAITING THE GUNS

Amid the purple heather, keepers and their dogs are awaiting the arrival of the guns on the Banffshire moors

Photographs *John Ritchie*

ON THE MOORS

The grouse shooting season, which begins on the twelfth, is expected to prove successful on the majority of moors. Birds are reported to be healthy and strong on the wing

Rain—And What Then?

THE CRUX OF LAWN TENNIS.

By H. S. S.

ONE of the advantages of golf—for it is an advantage in the long run—is that the players in a golf competition must carry on, no matter what the weather is like. But to have such an inexorable rule where lawn tennis is concerned would obviously be impossible, for lawn tennis is a game which, with its white-coated balls and gut-strung rackets, is not meant to be played in the rain. Yet there was once a ruling (not a rule) which amounted to very much the same thing. It was an instruction (dating from pre-War days) by the Council of the L.T.A. to tournament managers that all tournaments must be finished off within the allotted number of days. It may have been a necessary instruction from one point of view, but unforeseen circumstances ultimately combined to prove it to be eminently unsatisfactory. The cessation of the War brought with it a bursting of the flood-gates which had retarded the expansion of the game, and tournament entries increased by leaps and bounds. On the top of this came the abnormally wet summer of 1920, during which it became necessary, in order to comply with the mandate of the L.T.A., for tournament managers to insist upon play being continued whether it was raining or not. A humorist once described the weather, when play had to be carried on in a deluge, as "officially fine," and his joke was worn threadbare in 1920.

IT was, in fact, altogether rather silly, and our American visitors, in particular, marvelled at the way in which we scrambled through our tournaments by dint of the veriest mudlarking. In America, they told us, if the conditions are not fit for lawn tennis they wait until they are; and those that cannot wait withdraw. The result was that in 1921 the L.T.A. issued a fresh mandate which considerably modified, if it did not actually rescind, the old one. It decreed sternly that players must not be compelled to play in the rain in order to get a tournament through within its allotted time. That decree still holds good.

THE present season had a dry beginning, but it has gradually developed into a more or less normal one—for England—that is to say, a season with a fair percentage of wet days, or partially wet days, sprinkled about among the fine ones. Consequently, I expect we shall have plenty of illustrations of the enormously divergent views which players hold about playing in the rain now that (as far as I can see) they are entitled to refuse to do so. We have, in fact, had some already. I make out from careful observation, and yet speaking, as I am compelled to do, more or less generally, that lawn tennis players, in regard to their attitude towards playing in rain, can be divided into three classes: (1) Those who would gladly play in rain, so long as it is not more than moderately heavy, rather than sit about doing nothing, (2) Those who are quite content to "wait and see" and are equally willing to "go on" in rain if they are asked to do so and (3) those who stoutly maintain that tennis in the rain is not tennis at all, and, therefore, positively resent being "put on" in the rain, and are at no particular pains to hide their resentment. Of these three classes No. 1 (strange as it may appear) is the largest to the extent, perhaps, of as much as 50 per cent., whilst the other 50 per cent. is made up about equally of Nos. 2 and 3.

DESPITE the fact that they are in the minority, I think that No. 3 have the right on their side. What is more they now have the mandate of the L.T.A. Council to support them. I was present the other day at a tournament when it was raining, and the question arose as to whether a men's Double should or should not be played. Of the two pairs concerned one was anxious to play, but whereas one member of the other pair was also in favour of carrying on, the other was dead against it. Here, it seemed, was a complete *impasse*. However, the match was ultimately played, and I can only assume that the unwilling one played out of regard for the wishes of the other three. The same thing has happened before, and will doubtless happen again, and lawn tennis will continue to be played in the rain by some cheerfully and by others reluctantly, and only because they know that they are in the minority. Personally, my sympathies are with the reluctant minority. I think that their interests should be better protected than they are. The L.T.A. mandate in its present form is not enough. For the matter of that the willing ones also want protection—against themselves. For I am quite convinced that no man has ever done his game anything but harm by playing in the rain.

By Stanley Lloyd

Sportsman to Snobkins (who has been getting in the way and missing his birds all day): "You know Lord Thruster, don't you?"
Snobkins: "Yes, rather, I've shot at his place."
Sportsman: "Did you hit it?"

Listening-In

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THAT AERIAL VIBRATION

Femina

ON THE WEARING OF OLD CLOTHES

BY "CANDIDA"

ONLY three days till the famous Twelfth, and it's supposed to be spelt with an extra capital T this summer. You are meant to infer that going North will be worth it. Personally, I always think it's worth it, even when there's no grouse to shoot or to eat, and picturesque lairds are conspicuous for their absence. It's always worth it, because no August in Scotland has ever disappointed me. They say that the best about life is its blessed unexpectedness, that the fact that your ship *might* come in any day, even if it never does, is the reason why you can bear to go on at all. I don't think so. Take August in the Highlands, for instance. It rains every day, and you know it's going to, and you arrange to be happy though dripping. Then, if the sun does actually shine, and there's a real blue sky visible to the naked eye over your heather hills, you find you hardly know your Scotland, and feel that you've been given two holidays in one.

TRAMPING over the heather all day to shoot, or after some masculine thing who's shooting, is the most enjoyable thing on earth for those who like it. It's the reason, of course, why one goes to Scotland; it's why no rains that drizzle and pour, no winds that howl and shriek, can matter in the very least. And it's from those who shoot and like it that the rest of us who don't shoot, and would not like it if we did, take our cue. That's why the nicest Scotch tweeds are always a miracle of *camouflaged* inconspicuousness and you can hardly distinguish the best-dressed people from the heather they're walking on.

WHAT a blessed place to have invented for a holiday! Think of it, you who dress all the year round as if you meant it, meant to be noticed for your good taste and originality of course. Nobody knows what it means to spend hours and hours looking for the best and "most exclusive" ideas, as they say in the shops, invented only for the best and most exclusive people. What a load off one's mind and purse to drop it all and to dress for a month or two on the once-seen-never-remembered plan. In Scotland originality in tweeds is a crime committed only by the wives of people who have nothing to recommend them except their cheque books.

ALL the best Scotch tweeds are born old. They're like the kilts one sees on the natives. Did you ever meet a new kilt on anyone? I never have. They weave the homespuns, or whatever they are, in the crofters' cottages where the same colours, the same peat smell, and the same patterns are repeated year after year. It gives you a restful feeling only to think about them. Who would, after that, come down to a mere machine-made tweed, even if it's a comfortable width and its colours have been blended by an artist?

AS for "line," they've never heard of "line" in Scotland. Your coat and skirt to-day is what it was in the beginning, and ever will be. It changes not in outline, unless you change inside it. Age, they say, positively improves a good homespun, and, with true patriotism, the more it's rained on the better it likes it. There's something about the tradition, or is it merely the climate of the place that turns newness into gaudiness? You meet on Princes Street, in Edinburgh, the most superb cars with the smartest men in attendance, and out of them there will step—I don't like to say waddle—ladies, obviously of the best people, whose appearance and clothes . . . well, any charwoman going to her work on Monday morning would be better turned out. But don't imagine that it's an oversight. It's the old clothes idea carried to its logical conclusion. It's essentially Scottish. We, poor things, who were born in the wrong place, may imagine that it's possible to shine by virtue of one's clothes. In Scotland personality needs no such aids.

I'M not saying that this old clothes business is not an art. It is. We go North in our old tweeds to which we have been devoted—at intervals—for years, and think we've done the trick. Not a bit of it. It takes a lifetime and more to acquire the art, if it's ever acquired. In her old clothes the native looks superb with ease, and we, for all our pains, are merely shabby.

CANDIDA

Photograph *Compton Collier*

LADY BRITTAIN

Who is leading a band of harps at the meeting this week of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Ammanford. The performance takes place at the great closing concert on Friday the artists all being drawn from neighbouring districts in South Wales

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

THE LAST BUS

LA LIGNE D

DU CŒUR

DRY POINT BY JEAN HARDY

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

LASS O' LAUGHTER AT THE QUEEN'S

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a play written by ladies apparently for ladies. The story is in the style of the over-popular novelette, but it is redeemed from mediocrity by the business-like acting of Miss Nan Marriot Watson and her associates. We have the usual orphan drudge, the heroine of so many of our fairy tales, who, in spite of the ill-treatment she receives, is always good and kind and jolly. By mistake she is suddenly declared to be rich, and she goes to live at Maxwell Towers with lords and ladies, and gradually evolves into a member of the upper classes. I am told there are factories where thousands of variants of this fine old story are turned out by the mile for the delectation of romantic flappers who are convinced that a Fairy Prince is hovering near them, pining for an introduction with a view to matrimony. But the authoresses of this play have gone one better than the average. They have drawn one or two of their characters very strongly and very successfully, and for this reason alone, the play is well worth a visit.

WE begin with Miss Marriot Watson as Jean Stirling, called "Lass o' Laughter" by a not too brainy youth, Davie Nicholson. In the first act there is no doubt about Jean's severe poverty. Her clothes are in rags, and what I understand the ladies call "ladders" (I am, naturally, a child in these matters) are manifest all over her stockings. Jean has been more or less adopted by Mrs. Nicholson, a mean-souled Scotchwoman, who is constantly nagging her only son, Davie, and taking his wages from his pockets by the simple rule of *force majeure*. Davie is the only creature in the world that Jean has learned to love, and the two are partners in the scapegrace line of industry. Mr. Frank Pettingell gives a remarkable study of the part of Davie, a youth who walks with the slouch of the weak-minded, and who admits in his conversation that his mother does not consider that he is "all there." The impression is conveyed to us with subtle delicacy, without the slightest over-emphasis, but the suggestion of mental deficiency is unmistakable and complete.

BUT it is Miss Nan Marriot Watson, who, as it were, gives the play its Promethean fire. In the scenes of poverty, she runs about the stage like a Chinese cracker, making things lively for everyone. Nothing can depress her spirits, and even when she is told to clear out and go to the workhouse where she belongs, she envisages the future with the fine

JEAN CADELL AS MRS NICHOLSON

clear eye of optimism. Then the usual elderly and well-groomed lawyer (I have used him in stories myself) turns up to say that if Nan is the granddaughter of her grandfather, or something of that sort, she is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. (There is nobody who can throw the money about so freely as a writer of popular fiction.)

WHEREFORE, as above remarked, Ronald, Earl Maxwell, and his married sister, Lady Ailsa Weyman, call for Jean in a Rolls-Royce, and carry her off to what is believed to be the home of her ancestors, the before-mentioned Towers. Here a lot of fun is got out of the usual difficulty of grafting one class abruptly on another without the use of anæsthetics. Jean likes sliding along the rich carpets, she prefers the kitchen to the drawing-room, and when the elderly butler comes in with the tea-tray, she rushes to relieve him of his burden, at the same time expressing her horror that there should be so many young people standing idly around and leaving the poor old man to carry a heavy tray by himself.

EARL MAXWELL, who is in the Army, had naturally expected to inherit the money with the title. He was engaged to a rather mercenary girl, who, as soon as she heard that he had lost his fortune, threw him over in a bit of a hurry. The Earl is shocked at the way he has been treated, and he cannot forget for a long while the indignity that has been put upon him. When he retires for the night he is unable to sleep. So, with his naughty temper still in control of him, he leaves his bed and sits in a chair in his dressing-room.

AFTER a moment he gets up again and closes with some violence doors and windows that have been left open, doubtless, in his view, on purpose to annoy him. When he goes to poke the fire, he does the job thoroughly, without any regard for other people in the house who may be enjoying their beauty sleep. In fact, he makes so much noise that Jean herself jumps out of bed and walks into his lordship's room in her pyjamas, and wants to know why the dickens the noisy fellow can't let other people go to sleep.

IT is certainly an unusual scene, and you get the idea that Jean's noble friends might at least have included a kimono, or even a kilt, in the details of her night attire. But she stands there in glaring white pyjamas and talks to the Earl in his dressing gown, as easily as if they were chatting together at the dinner-table. It is all designed to emphasise the guileless innocence of the orphan child, and will doubtless please the ladies immensely, though I believe the eighteen-year-old flapper of to-day is not usually held up as a model of artless simplicity.

JEAN learns by accident that because the Earl has not inherited the money he has expected, he will have to give up his Army career, and in her child-like and bland manner she offers him the obvious alternative. He must, of course, marry her, and then the money will be his as well, and all will be for the best in this best possible of worlds. While the Earl

is urging her to dismiss such a fanciful idea from her mind, other members of the household come into the room not unreasonably shocked to find Jean in her pyjamas, sitting at her ease in his lordship's arm-chair, discussing her plans for the future.

THE Earl, anxious to save the appearance of an undeniably awkward situation, promptly announces to the company that Jean and himself have just become engaged to be married. Even so, by the look of things, the company must have gone away with the impression that matters were being rushed along a bit.

THE wedding day arrives, and there is a further treat for the ladies in store in the spectacle of Jean in a lovely bridal gown with a bouquet to match; and even a hardened creature like myself had to admit that Miss Marriot Watson makes a very pretty picture. The surprise of the story is kept for the very end, and is introduced most effectively. For a long time it almost seems as if Jean intends to throw up her newly acquired wealth and friends, and marry her first love, Davie Nicholson; and you will doubtless be seeing for yourselves what she really does. A good deal of the dialogue of the play is in what I have always understood to be Scotch, but when I suggested this to the Mac-Michael he repudiated the assertion with emphasis. It is the old trouble, of course, that what sounds like Scotch to the English, sounds quite different to the native of the heath and glen. Whirroo!

MISS MARRIOT WATSON, who proves herself to be a lass of tears as well as of laughter, carries the burden of the play on her fair shoulders from first to last and her triumph is complete. Miss Jean Cadell gives a truly remarkable picture of the canny and dour (Scotch, ye ken!) Mrs. Nicholson, who juggles with birth and death certificates for her own nefarious ends; and Mr. Frederick Worlock gives a fine manly shape to the part of the soldierly Earl. I enjoyed the play very much. JINGLE

"A Prince of Lovers"

"MY LORD ENTERS"

Lord Byron quizzes the assembly at his Park Lane house, impervious to the inimical glare of the men, but doubtless pleasurably conscious of the adoring eyes of the women. Inset is the unhappy Lady Byron and her husband, played by the beautiful Marjorie Hume and Howard Gaye

THE "FEINT"

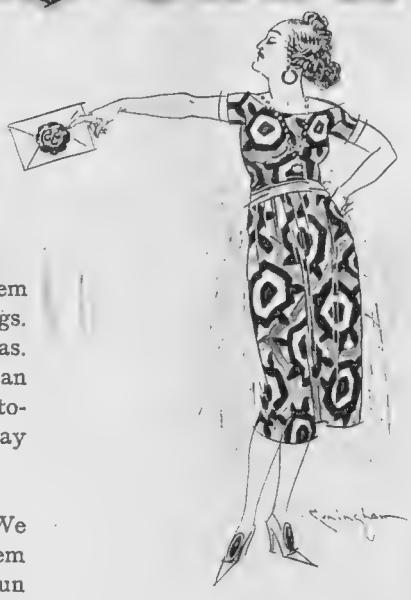
Lady Caroline Lamb (Mary Clare), who conceived such a tremendous béguin for Byron, resorts to the hazardous expedient of attempting suicide that she may revive the waning affections of her adored lover. The Gaumont Company are to be congratulated on the production of this all-British film, which is now crowding the Philharmonic Hall

NEW SERIAL: A Parody of "If Winter Comes." *Second Instalment.*

IF SUMMER DON'T

by

Barry Pain



Illustrated by Oswald Cuningham.

3

THAT evening Luke sat alone in his bedroom. He also used this room as a study. He had been driven to this somewhat frowsty practice by the fact that he could not possibly sit in any room that had ever been called a den.

A tap at the door. Ellen Morse entered to turn the bed down. A bright idea flashed across Luke's mind. His ears positively jumped.

He believed in liberty, equality, and familiarity, especially familiarity. So did Ellen Morse.

"Dot," he said, "was it you who painted my fall-pegs white?"

"Well, old bean," said Dot, "it was like this, I'll tell you." She seated herself on the bed. "You see, this house has only got four reception rooms and eight bedrooms, and all the washing's done at home, and all the dressmaking, and there's a good deal of entertaining, mostly when you're not there, and everything has to be right up to the mark. Well, as there were the whole two of us to do it, your old woman thought time would be hanging heavy on our hands, so now we do the garden as well. The other day Mr. Doom Dagshaw was lunching here, and they were going to play tennis afterwards. Your bit of skirt has some proper games with that Dagshaw. I watch them out of the pantry window in my leisure moments. Well, anyhow, I'd to mark out the tennis court, and I mixed up a bit more of the stuff than was needed, and I thought I might as well use it up on your pegs. You see, I get a half-Sunday off every three months, and it was only a fourteen-mile walk there and back. And I'm sure I didn't know what else to do with my holiday."

"Dot," said Luke, "you seem to be able to enter into things. You get the hang of my ideas. Some do, some don't. If you can sneak off for half an hour to-morrow evening, we'll go and play at boats together."

"Boats?"

"Yes. You know the bridge. We get two pieces of wood, throw them in the stream on one side, then run across and watch them come out on the other. And the one that comes out first, wins. Won't that be glorious?"

"Well, you are one to think of things," said Dot.

(And now we'll have a little novelty. The Great Novelists of To-day number their sections. We will have a number without any sections. This has never been done be——)

CHAPTER IV

It can be hardly necessary to say that Mabel caught Luke and Dot playing boats on the following evening. Luke was always discovered. He was even detected when he had done nothing.

As he dressed for dinner that night, he reflected that once more Mabel had disappointed him. He had expected her to get into a fury of jealousy, and to suspect him of the most criminal intentions with regard to Dot. This would have been real suffering for him, and he would have enjoyed it. But all she had said to him was that she wished he would behave a little more like a man and a little less like a baby, and an imbecile baby at that. All she had said to Dot was that she thought she could find her some other occupation. It was difficult for him to keep his temper. But he exercised self-control. In fact, he never spoke another word for the rest of the evening. It was a pity. He was such a pleasant man. Why could not Mabel see it?

Things were no better at breakfast next morning.

Mabel said: "Just fancy. Mrs. Smith in a sable stole at church last Sunday, and I know for a fact that he only gets three-ten. If it was real sable it was wicked, and if it was not she was acting a lie."

Luke smote the table once with his clenched fist, spilt his tea, and resumed his newspaper.

"Further from Mabel," he thought, as he mounted his bike. "Every day, in every way, I'm getting further and further."

About two miles from Dilborough he became suddenly aware that two motor-cars were approaching him. They were being driven abreast at racing speed, and occupied the whole of the road. For one moment Luke thought of remaining where he was, and causing Mabel to be a widow. Then, murmuring to himself, "Safety first," he ran up the grassy slope at the side of the road and fell off. Both the cars pulled up. A man's voice sang out cheerily: "Hallo, Sharper. Hallo, hallo. Who gave you leave to dismount?"

"IF SUMMER DON'T" (*continued*)

Luke recognised the voice. One of the cars was driven by Lord Tyburn, and the other by his wife, Jona.

Luke hurriedly drove in a peg to mark the spot, and came down into the road again.

"How's yourself?" said Lord Tyburn. "We've been away for two years. Timbuctoo, Margate. All over the place. Only got back to Gallows last night."

Luke shook hands with him and with Jona.

"You've not changed much," said Jona. "Same funny old face."

"It is the only one that I happen to have, Lady Tyburn."

"Oh, drop it. Call me Jona. You always used to, Lukie, you know. And Bill don't mind, do you, Bill?"

"That? Lord, no. But what you have been and done, Sharper, is to spoil a very pretty sporting event. Jona and I were racing to Halfpenny Hole, and I'd got her absolutely beaten."

"Liar," said Jona, "I was leading—leading by inches."

"Ah, but I'd lots in reserve."

"Strong, silent man, ain't you?" said Jona.

They both laughed.

"Yes," said Luke. "I'm afraid I was rather in the way. I seem to be almost always in the way. It happens at home. It happens at the office. I say, I wonder what you two would have done if you'd met a cart?"

"Jumped it," said Jona, and laughed again.

"Sorry," said Lord Tyburn, "but I must rush off. I've just spotted my agent five fields away. So long, Sharper. Come up and inspect us soon."

He drove the car up the grassy slope, smashed a way through the hedge—after all, it was his own hedge—and vanished.

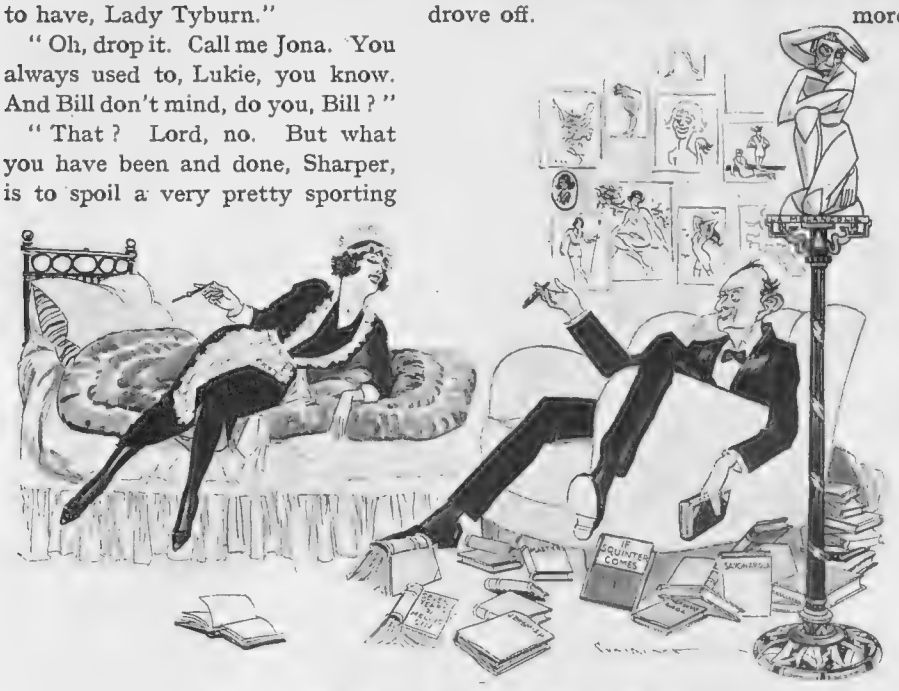
"He drives wonderfully," said Luke.

"He's that kind," said Jona, "He does everything well. He does himself well. Are you glad to see me again, Lukie?"

The tips of his ears crept slowly forward. "I shall have to think for a long time to know what I really am to see you again."

"'Fraid I can't wait a long time," said Jona. "See you again soon."

She waved her hand to him and drove off.



"'Well, old bean,' said Dot, 'it was like this, I'll tell you'"

Luke rode on as if in a dream. Suddenly he became aware that he had passed the door of his office. He thought of turning round in the street and riding back, but he had turned round in the street once before, and a great number of people had been hurt. He dismounted and walked back.

As his custom was, he knocked at the door of Mr. Diggle's room and entered. Mr. Diggle, who still retained much of his schoolmaster manner, sat at his desk with his back to Sharper. He did not look round.

"That you, Sharper?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Good morning," said Sharper.

Diggle went on writing for a minute in silence, and then said, drearily,

"Well, what is it?"

"Please can I have that partnership now," asked Sharper.

"Not to-day. Don't fidget with your hands. Keep your ears quiet if possible. Close the door gently as you go out."

Luke went gloomily back to his own room. He had not done himself justice. He never did do himself justice with Diggle. Diggle made him feel as if he were fifteen.

But thoughts of Diggle did not long occupy his mind. Once more he seemed to be standing in the road with the warm fragrance of petrol and lubricating oil playing on his face. Once more he saw her.

Jona.

Some would have hesitated to call her beautiful. To Luke she was all the beauty in the world. Concentrated. At one time Jona had had the chance of marrying him, but apparently she did not know a good thing when she saw it. Tyburn had the title and the property, and was better looking, and more amusing, and had stationary ears. But had he the character of a child martyr? He had not. Now Luke was great at martyrdom; also at childishness.

For nearly an hour Luke sat with his manuscript before him. He was writing another elegant little brochure. This one dealt with the jampots of Ancient Assyria. During that hour he did not write one single word, but thought continuously of Jona.

He pulled himself up abruptly. Why, he was married to Mabel. Of course he was. It was just as if he could not trust his memory for anything these days. He had been rather rude to Mabel at breakfast. Well, not rude exactly, but not friendly. Mrs. Smith had a sable stole. He ought to have said something about it. He must try at once to think of something that would be said about a sable stole.

He must make it up to Mabel in some way. What could he give her? He could give her more of his society. He would stop work, go back to her at once, and be just as nice as nice could be.

He put on his hat, and met Diggle in the passage.

(*Continued on page 296*)

Back to Front

Photograph] TRINI [*Foulsham and Banfield*

This beautiful Spanish girl was brought to London by Mr. C. B. Cochran for his "Fun of the Fayre," and although alleged to be the loveliest woman in the world, she also succeeded in creeping into our hearts by the charm of her voice as she sang in broken English with Walter Williams. She is appearing in the Pavilion's next production, "Phi-Phi," which is due this week

"Where are you going?" said Diggle.

"I was going home, sir," said Luke, "I'm not very well this morning."

(For a Christian martyr he certainly did lie like sin.)

"Don't let it occur again," said Diggle.

He encountered Mabel in the hall of his house. She held a letter in her hand. She seemed surprised to see him, and very far from pleased.

"What in goodness are you here for?" she said, "forgotten something?"

He set his teeth. In spite of discouragement he was going to be very nice indeed.

"I am afraid," he said, "I rather forgot my manners at breakfast this morning. Sorry."

"I didn't notice they were any worse than usual. You surely didn't come back to say that?"

"Oh, no. I thought we'd take a holiday together. Like old times—what? We'll go for a nice long walk, and take a packet of sandwiches, and——"

"Oh, don't be silly. I can't possibly go out. Probably Mr. Doom Bagshaw is coming to lunch."

"He's a damned sweep," said Luke, impulsively, and corrected himself. "I mean to say, he's not a man whose society I'm particularly anxious to cultivate."

"How was I to know you would come barging in like this? I never wanted you to meet him."

More self-control needed.

"I shall be perfectly pleasant and chatty to him," said Luke, resolutely.

"This letter's just come for you," said Mabel. "The address is in Lady Tyburn's handwriting."

He blushed profusely. His ears waved to and fro. Why on earth had not Jona warned him that this was going to happen?

"Read it," said Mabel.

He glanced through it. It was very brief.

"Well?" asked Mabel.

"It's nothing. Nothing at all."

"I should like to see it, if you don't mind."

She took the letter and read aloud: "Lukie, Dear—Just back from two years' travel. You two might blow in to lunch one day. Any old day. Chops and tomato sauce.—Yours, JONA."

"Mabel caught Luke and Dot playing boats . . ."

"Most extraordinary," said Mabel. "Why does she call you Lukie?"

"Well, damn it all," said Luke, "she couldn't call me lucky. Oh, what does it matter? We were boy and girl together. Innocent friends of long standing."

"And what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce? Chops! Gracious heavens! And tomato sauce."

"It's just a joke. Silly, no doubt."

"It might be an allusion to your complexion at the present moment. It might be a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence."

He had an uneasy feeling that he had heard or read all this before somewhere.

"Merely a joke," he pleaded. "And what does it matter?"

"She's a cat, anyhow. She'd better keep off the grass, and I'll tell her so. What did she say when she saw you this morning?"

"Hardly anything. Her husband was with her. I say, how on earth did you know?"

"Her husband was not with her when I met her. But do you know what this sudden return of yours means? This unusual desire to apologise for your manners and to take me out for the day? Guilty conscience. I'm going into the garden to cut flowers for the luncheon table."

"Let me come with you and hold the scissors."

"If you hold the scissors, how the dickens am I going to cut the flowers? You're really too trying."

No, it was not going well. More self-control would be needed. A happy idea struck him.

"Didn't you say that Mrs. Smith had a stable sole—I mean a sable stole, in church or somewhere?"

"And you don't try that on, either."

"I don't suppose I should look well in it," he said, brightly.

He followed her into the garden. The flowers were cut, and subsequently arranged, in complete silence. He had the feeling that anything he said might not be taken down, but would certainly be used in evidence against him.

(To be continued next week)

NOTHING DOING NOW

By Tom Cottrell

Horse Voices on the Right: "Ha, Ha! We used to get all this!"

PAYMENT POSTPONED

By Graham Simmons

"I say, old man, beastly awkward, but I've just won ten pounds from your wife at bridge"
"Oh, that's all right. Did she pay you?"
"Well, fact is, that's just what I want to see you about"

Blanchette on "Stocktaking"

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August 7*

DEAR COUSIN—

EVERYONE's out of Town just now. So they say, and 's true, up to a point. 'N other words, there's thousands and thousands away disporting themselves by the cheerful sea waves and places—and some millions or so still left behind and trying hard to bear up about it. Including your Blanchette.

WHO utterly refuses to be rushed and bustled out of her happy little home just because other people choose to flock away like sheep, and—oh, well, anyway, am going *myself* next week! But, quite 'part from that, not such a bad idea, really, you know, to have just a bit of a sort of a kind of an interval, after—

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart—

(not to mention the queens and the captainettes) just to rest and look round and think of things and take stock, as you might say.

LIFE's really been rather breathless this season, 'tween you and me. Of course, there's plenty of people to tell you it's been a frightful disappointment and a dud and all that sort of thing—there always are. But quite strenuous enough for most of us poor weak mortals, whose lucky or unlucky lot it is to go everywhere and do everything, I give you my word. And a quiet moment or two between the acts cert'nly has its points, for them as knows how to use it, as the saying is.

FOR one thing, there's all the advantage of having time for once to look back and savour just for a while the pleasures that are past. And, for another, and lots and lots better, the joy of looking forward and thinking about all the d'lightful things that are going to happen, when. . . . Or if . . . It doesn't really much matter which, does it? Nor even, come to think of it, whether they happen at all or not. But we won't be *too* philosophical all of a sudden, shall us? Don't let's.

"All the books you want to read"

WHAT I really mean to say is, though, it *is* rather lovely sometimes—isn't it?—to find yourself right in a sort of backwater or pause in the rush of things. Mustn't last too long, of course, and you've got to know it'll end soon or it would spoil it all. But just for a little time. . . . Rather like going on a sea voyage, when you know you can't possibly get any letters or have any shocks and surprises, good or bad, till you reach the next port. . . .

A PLACE of peace, London is just now, if you only look at it in the right way, where you can find long hours and days of wonderful rest and quiet—

The world forgetting,
By the world forgot—

till the time comes to push off again and plunge once more into the restless and irresistible and tiring and inspiring activities of a world that seldom or never seems to know how to sit still.

CAN shut yourself up, f'rinstance, without fear of being really seriously disturbed, with all the books that for months and months you've been meaning to read, only something's always turned up to *do* instead. Books like W. B. Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish, par exemple*, a lovely long one—I do adore long books, don't you? Like to get my Mudie's-worth, I must confess, and have at least 400 pages or more of living someone else's life for a change, while I *am* about it.

AND, somehow, it does seem particularly soothing, I don't quite know why, to read about the old, old times (only not so fearfully ancient as to be utterly and completely out of reach). Like the period when Mr. Verinder flourished, the "spinster's" father, who lived in a nice big house round Cromwell Road way somewhere in the

"The men's clubs being done up"

'nineties—a "nice 'ouse," that, I'm sure—

Had got no rats or mouses.

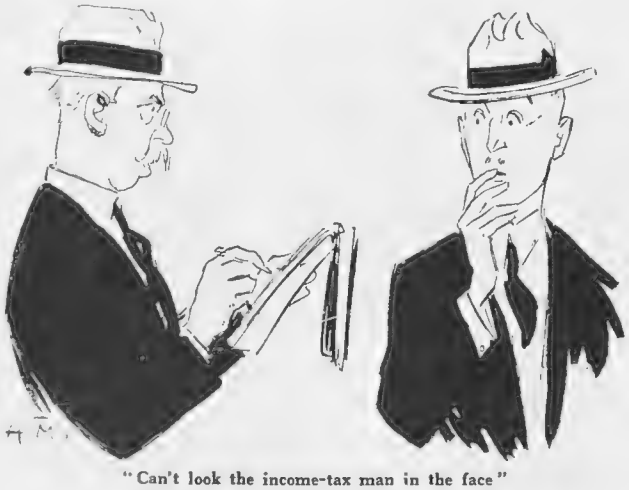
卐

And to whom the Albert Memorial—list unto me, O young men and maidens—"seemed a very beautiful monument," wherein he could find no fault and much instruction. And he "derived a subtle kind of intellectual support from the adjacency of the Albert Hall—solid and calm and triumphant in its common-sense. . ." Can't you just *see* him? At least, for your sake, I hope you can't. But I'm 'fraid we both of us know quite several Mr. Verinders to this day—and if the truth were known, 'spect they, too, positively adore the two Alberts, only they've got ashamed of it and it's a sort of *secret* vice!

卐

Rather nice things he's got to say, too, of men's clubs—Mr. Maxwell, I mean. And about the spacious tranquillity, the well-warmed atmosphere of egoism, the nicely arranged, comfortable total indifference to all things except oneself, that permeates and makes up the charm of a really good London club. . . . Whi h aforesaid spacious tranquillities and things are a bit disturbed just now, by the way, so I'm told. 'Cos even *men* realise that there's got to be a clear-up and clean-up every now and then, and this is the fatal moment when they shut up half the clubs and send the members to be boarded out, so to speak, with the other half. Who, somehow, so the story goes, 'parently aren't always quite so glad to have the pleasure of meeting 'em as you might expect!

But talking about poor old London—isn't altogether quite so dead this week, what with an Air Derby to-day and a flower show and cricket and things still on. And, by the way, for those who still



"Can't look the income-tax man in the face"

dance in Town the New Murray's—yes, Jack May has sold it at last—still seems to be crowded each night to listen to the angel-voiced Josephine Earl and watch "Olivette" show us exhibition dances that are really new, the while we sip abstractedly of Château-Equem and toy with a blushing lobster. Must confess the New Management, whoever they are, have schemed things perfectly.

卐

All the same, there *is* a sort of peacefulness about it, (London, I mean) like when you get out of a noisy Tube, or the 'plane you're flying in shuts off its engine, or the peal of bells at St. Paul's or somewhere suddenly stops. No urgent engagements, no rush of parties all falling over one another. Even the faithful Commons off for a three months' holiday, with the Twelfth to start off with. Lots of time to pull yourself together and all that sort of thing—though only, of course, *pour mieux sauter*—and think. . . .

卐

Want a bit of thinking about, too, things do these hard-up days, when even the idle rich hardly dare to look shop *or* income-tax people in the face. Beginning to try hard and become world's-workers, some of them are, these times, when even a "Society beauty" like the famous Miss Gellibrand has taken, it's whispered, to being a real live *mannequin* at a real live shop. And very nice, too. Just think of it. . . . Wearing the loveliest frocks all day, a different one for about every half-hour or so, *and* being paid for it. Sounds like almost the ideal life—what?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

"Utterly refuses to be rushed away from her little home"

Photograph *Sport and General*

C. R. GRIFFITHS (England)

Winner of the 400-metre race in the recent international athletic contest between England and France at Stamford Bridge. England won by 57 points to 42

Photograph *I.N.A.*

INTERNATIONAL SIX-METRE CLASS AT COWES

A race is here seen in progress between these wonderful little boats whose doings excited as much interest as those of their bigger sisters. Among them were the four chosen to represent England against America

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photographs

H. B. STALLARD (England)

The well-known Cambridge Blue winning the 1,500-metre race easily from J. Pelle (France) in the international contest between England and France

Sport and General

H. M. HAMMERTON (left) AND J. H. G. PELL

Going out to bat for Tonbridge School against Clifton at Lord's last week. Clifton won by an innings and 13 runs, thanks mainly to some fine bowling by D. D. Homan

Photographs

CLIFTON v. TONBRIDGE AT LORD'S

The Clifton team going out to field. Having won the toss and scored 268 they got Tonbridge out twice for 92 and 163

Sport and General

P. LEWDEN (France)

Winning the high jump at Stamford Bridge for France against England with a fine jump of 6 ft. 3 in.

Photograph *Topical*

THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP

Lord Sackville's Yawl "Sumurun" is seen on the left getting away with the lead which she retained throughout, but failed to save her time on Sir W. Portal's Ketch "Valdora"

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. R. H. LEE'S "TERPSICHORE"

Running before the wind with her spinnaker set to starboard. She was scratch boat in the race for the King's Cup and had to give up owing to some defect in her electric steering gear, but she won the big race on the following day

Photograph *L. N. A.*

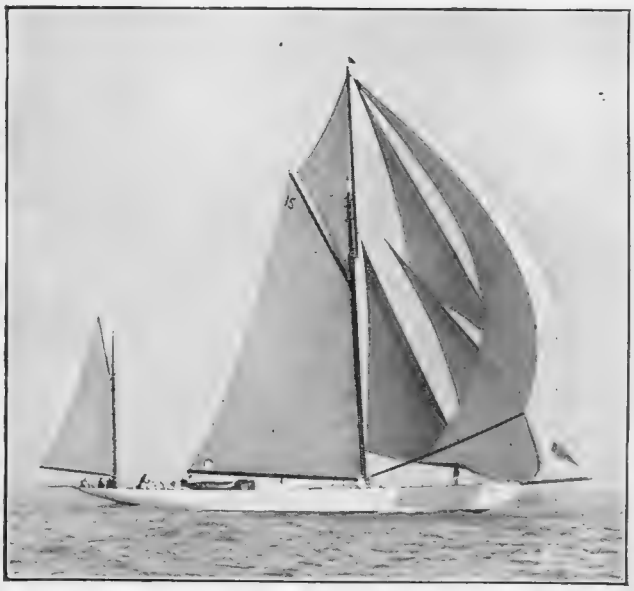
SIR W. PORTAL'S KETCH "VALDORA"

Winner of the King's Cup at Cowes for which only members of the Royal Yacht Squadron are eligible to compete. She finished second and won on time-allowance from "Sumurun" by over two minutes

Photographs

L. H. CRISPE (left) AND H. D. MARSHALL

Racing neck-and-neck in the first heat of the Amateur Punting Championship of the Thames. Marshall won by three feet, and, later, won the final easily



Sport and General

LORD SACKVILLE'S YAWL "SUMURUN"

Running before the wind in the race for the King's Cup in which she finished first but was beaten on time allowance by "Valdora"

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

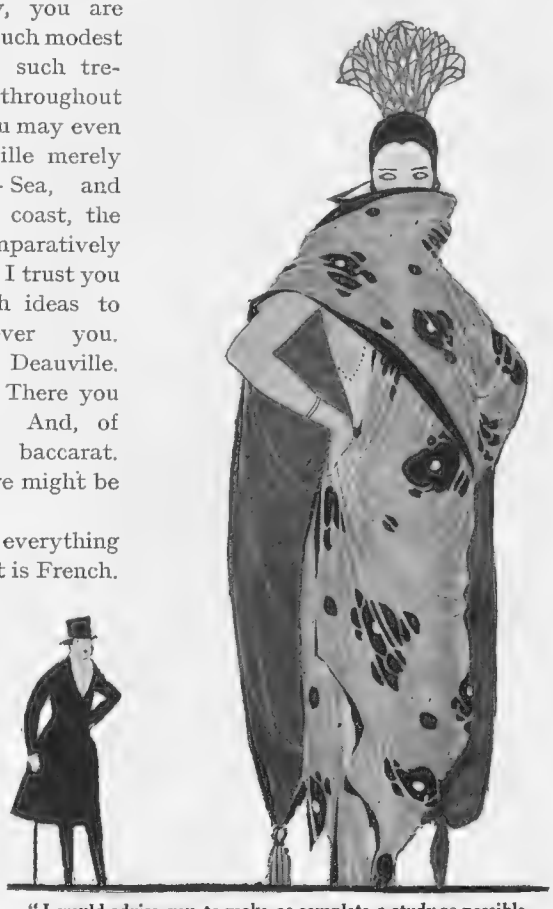
XIII.

My dear Boy—

I was glad to hear that you had arrived at Deauville. This is your first visit to this delectable spot, and you must make the most of it. See to it that there is no phase of its activities, however extortionate or scandalous, with which you do not become entirely familiar. The gossip of the *Potinière*, however banal and useless in itself, is one of those things which every man in the polite world must add to his experience.

Possibly you may wonder when you have been there a little while why the world invests Deauville with such profound importance. You may think to yourself that, though it is a decidedly pleasant and *mondain* assembly, you are inclined to wonder why such modest effects should produce such tremendous repercussions throughout the civilised world. You may even think that were Deauville merely called Something-on-Sea, and situated on the English coast, the world would hear comparatively little of its glories. But I trust you will not allow any such ideas to obtain ascendancy over you. Deauville, after all, is Deauville. Above all, it is French. There you have the real reason. And, of course, there is the baccarat. Without it, indeed, there might be no Deauville.

But one has said everything when one has said that it is French. There is a subtle influence in that mere statement of fact which affects us all, men and women alike. Indeed, the more intelligent a man is the more he submits himself to this influence. What is more, he does it deliberately, with his eyes open. Whatever happens in Paris we see through a glass which distorts it, but distorts it to its advantage. A plain woman in Paris is passable. If she is pretty—then she is beautiful. And if she is beautiful, then there are no limits to the devastation she may cause. With its hand on its heart the whole world lends itself to this delightful imposture. Deauville, after all, is only a little bit of Paris transported to the Normandy coast, and there concentrated, so that all its foibles and weaknesses are made more conspicuous. Thus it provides an unique opportunity both for indulging in a gentle orgy of that amiable self-delusion which I have described, and also for studying at even closer quarters, that brilliant if decadent society in which you have for some time been moving. See to it that nothing escapes your attention which is likely either to temper your cynicism or increase your respect for human nature. You should find ample material for both purposes.



"I would advise you to make as complete a study as possible of the demi-mondaine"

I would advise you while there to make as complete a study as possible of that delightfully ambiguous stratum of society which was long ago so aptly named the *demi-mondaine*. Ninety-five per cent. of French literature is based on this engaging theme. The task you may set yourself is to decide how true French literature is to real life, and I shall be glad to hear your observations on this subject. At frequent intervals you will hear apologists maintain that the playwrights and novelists of France do their country a great disservice in so unduly insisting on this *motif*, and that they deliberately exaggerate their theme for the sake of dramatic or literary effect. I am quite prepared to admit that there may be something in such a thesis. But it is obviously impossible for there to be such a vast deal of smoke without a considerable

amount of fire at work beneath it. The apologists notwithstanding, you should find ample material to prevent you from being bored in the intervals of your *bains de mer*, dressing four times a day, and losing a little of your patrimony at baccarat in the evening.

I remember that during the period when my age permitted me to find Deauville most interesting, the greatest star of our firmament was Isabelle de Montenlair. Yet I doubt if you have ever even heard of her. The last I knew of her was that she kept a modest *tabac* in an insalubrious neighbourhood near the Boulevard Sebastopol, in Paris, and doled out demi-Londres at three sous apiece. This was well before the War, as you may judge by the price of the cigar. No doubt Isabelle is still doing the same thing, with the difference that the demi-Londres now costs considerably more. Possibly, also, you have never even heard of that sort of cigar which is called a demi-Londres. I trust, even, that you never have. Frankly, I should never have heard of it myself but for a special call I once made on Isabelle at her modest emporium. After touching with some emotion on departed glories she treated me to a most admirably lucid disquisition on the wares she had for sale. From her I learned that the three-sou cigar was her chief stay—what, I believe, would in trade circles be called her best selling line—in the days of her decline. To me it seemed a very modest substitute for the *billets de mille* which had formerly been Isabelle's small change of life, and I could not help being considerably affected at such patient resignation in the face of great adversity.

As a rule, indeed, those who have attained such heights of glory as Isabelle usually pass the autumn of their lives in the greatest material comfort, backed by wise and solid investments. On the *perron* of many an imposing country *château* there is now sunning herself a silver-haired dame, living handsomely on her *rentes* and enjoying the respectful homage of the countryside, who was once a leading lady in the *haute galanterie*.

But Isabelle was not so provident. There was a time, as I have said, when Deauville was at her feet. She was the classic exponent of ten thousand French novels, and lived nobly up to her rôle of ruining impulsive Frenchmen. An authentic French duke, who really had some money, impoverished himself in quite the accepted style, and retired to what was left of his estates to meditate on his follies. A wealthy sugar refiner, who was vulgar enough to know better, squandered millions on her—I am speaking in francs, of course—plunged on the Bourse, and ended up as an attendant in the *wagons lits*. He made up my bed several times on the Riviera express. A Pittsburg millionaire—it was in the earlier days of American interest in European affairs—hurried back to New York to raise more money, and was mercifully incapacitated in a train wreck, so that the remains of his fortune were preserved to his family. To such an extent was Isabelle true to life as the novelists paint it that she was even the daughter of a Paris cab-driver. This, indeed, was the crown of her success, and Isabelle wisely made the most of it. Had she been the offspring of a worthy notary or a prosperous shopkeeper I have little doubt that Isabelle's career would have been sufficiently mediocre. But to have begun so low and soared so high added the final touch of *chic*

Whether it will be your good fortune to discover an Isabelle shining in the firmament of Deauville to-day I know not. If it should be so, remember that though it is most unlikely she will end in a tobacco shop, she will almost certainly cause a good deal to go up in smoke, and that even with the present value of the franc a really brilliant example of her kind can make life on the *plage* infinitely more interesting.

JESTERFIELD

"A Pittsburg millionaire hurried back to New York to raise more money"

La Mode et L'Amour

BY "ROLAND."

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"Mon cœur est libre."

MES AMIS—

YOU shall remember how one has constrained us to acquire the Sanscrit for the means to pass the guarded gates of the *Bal des Quat'z'Arts*. We have thought this to be surely sufficient of the compulsory labour among the *langues mortes* for at least the one season. Yet here it is that we are called upon to knit the brows again, and not this time anent the single tongue but the several. Primo, there is the Egyptian. Secundo, the Chaldean. Then the Assyrian. With the probabilities of the Persian and the Arabic, and the many others.

AGAIN is it that it is the *couturiers* who inaugurate the *mode*. And as it does hold the possibilities vast for the skilful conduct of the intrigues, one has no fear that it shall lack the popularity. The *couturiers* have commenced to launch the *robes* with the hieroglyphics like the yellowed papyrus. And at once has been realised that here is the fulfilment of a long required need.

ALL that is in addition necessary is the acquirement of the chosen tongue for the establishment of a code that may serve the diverse (and avoid the divorce) purposes. So can be adopted, with the urgency that is called for by the particular cases, the *langage des robes*. Reflect but for a second, and you shall see the incalculable advantages of the gown on which one can convey the messages to the other who is able to read.

THERE is, *par exemple*, the lady who has already a husband, unsuccessfully provided by a *mariage de convenance*. Audaciously she can proclaim by the signs and the symbols, "*Mon cœur est libre.*" As there is the such charm about a lady who already has a husband, not a doubt but that there shall be a rush of the gallants. Also, too, in the case of the advisability, she shall be able to forewarn them by the further hieroglyphics that, "My husband is jealous."

WHEREUPON they shall know that while they are counselled to proceed warily, they are encouraged to proceed all the same. Is not a stolen kiss the sweetest? But while the ladies, who have already the hateful husbands, may be the most precipitate to seek the aid of the *dernière mode*, there are the others who have the more legitimate excuse to profit from the adventurous innovation. These are the *demoiselles* who search the husbands. Unhesitantly now they may announce that they have the preference for a handsome young suitor against the ugly *vieux*, preferred of her parents because that he has the stacks of the *rentes*.

THE *demoiselles* shall be able even to indicate the precise qualities which they do set above the others in the attributes of the young men, so to avoid the waste of the time and the talent on the part of the *danseurs* who perform the wrong kind of the step. Also they may advertise the charms of themselves, according as they think they may make the appeal, constructing the combinations of the hieroglyphics which shall say,

(*Continued on page 306*)

"Je suis très douce . . . and the tissu de robes shall become a tissu de mensonges"

The Little Old Man of Bruges

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

Thousands of visitors to Bruges, in strolling along the ramparts, have glanced at the old man looking from his window and passed on, believing him to be taking an interested look at his garden and nothing more, yet few realise that it is only a model which has been gazing from that window for years. He was a valued servant, and this is the way his employer perpetuated his memory—arranging with a successive occupant of the house that the figure should remain

"LANGUAGE OF LOVE ON THE HEM" (concluded)

"*Je suis très douce*," or "*Je suis gaie comme un pinson*," or even the *recommandations plus audacieuses*.

THERE is in this, of course, the danger that some of the less scrupulous may take the opportunity to stray from the truth in the insistence upon the qualities, and that the *tissu de robes* shall become a *tissu de mensonges*. One has the confidence, *pourtant*, that the such *méchantes* shall be the exceptions, for the usefulnesses of this new *code d'amour* are too numerous to risk the collapse of the system by the unwise tactics.

MANY there are *en effet* who contend that this is the age of the discretion, which should imply that the danger which has been mentioned cannot be real. Whether it is the age of the discretion is to be debated, but what is certain is that it is the age of the *dactylo*. The *dactylo* is the *souveraine indiscutable*. Champions of the present age may vociferate that this is a factor in the support of their contention, for the *dactylo* is the model of the discretion. Much that is correct may certainly be said upon this count.

"The dactylo—une toute petite femme dans son coin"

IF the secrets of the *patron* which are known to the typist should not be guarded as they are at the present that could quickly lead to the *bouleversement* of *la vie de Paris*. In the custody of the *dactylos* are the keys to all the mysteries. *Heureusement* that the typists are the such paragons. Of course, there are the eminent personages among the *dactylos* who do establish the high standards for the lesser sisters.

IS it not that the Queen of the Queens herself is a *dactylo*. That is not by the hasard, but the *indice* of the supremacy which has been conquered by the manipulator of the *machine*. And who is it, incidentally, who has been blamed by Madame Bessarabo when she has made the allegations against her husband? Not one *dactylo*, but two *dactylos*.

ONE comes to have the great fears for the future of the *midinette* in the circumstances. Should it be that she does not awaken to the seriousness of the threat, and introduce the new tactics which shall be effective, there is not the doubt that she shall be removed from the place of pride in the romances through the advance of the *dactylo*.

FOR the long time the *midinette* has been contemptuous, and has considered the typist to be the *petit bout de femme, toute petite dans son petit coin*. But the *dactylo* has ceased to be *toute petite*, and has become *toute grande*. She has become the *confidente* of the *patron*, his *chef d'état major*, his *officier de liaison*.

ONE expects that she is the heroine of the new song, "Montmartre Rose," of which you shall hear more before the long time, when you shall remark the strange music-picture of the lines:

"Where the violin
Plays its song of sin."

We are on the eve of the *triomphe* of the *dactylo*, and perhaps even reluctant Montmartre may have to elect her as queen of the mountain.

ROLAND

"She has become the confidente of the patron"

"HOOTS!"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THERE is an engaging air about Mr. Charles Marriott's new book, so aptly called *An Order to View* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which puts you in a good temper at once. The story is simple—up to a point. James Wedmore, an architect, has won a competition for a new Technical Institute which a rich shipowner, Sir John Pumphrey, proposes to give to his native town. He has also become engaged to the magnate's elder daughter. In fact, the wedding is fixed to take place immediately after the official opening of the Institute. Sir John, moreover, has announced his intention of giving his son-in-law a house as a wedding-present. A certain jolly old place called Moorend is to be sold by auction, and on the spur of the moment Wedmore obtains an order to view it. A brother and sister live in the house, and a word and a look from Beatrice Woodruff open out one of those complicated social tangles which Mr. Marriott can treat with such charm and understanding. The sale by auction goes awry, and an old scandal crops up, and a rather mysterious Dr. Shipton plays his part. So does old Lady Kelmscot. I confess that I did not anticipate the author's solution of the difficulty, but it comes as an agreeable surprise. An entertaining story, in which the minor characters are sketched in with high skill.

❋

LADY MILES'S new story, *Ralph Carey* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), follows conventional lines. There is the popular elder brother, Billy, idolised by his mother, and the dreamy, awkward Ralph, who does not quite "belong." Things go well for Billy—until he is killed in the War, and Ralph, poor dear, attempts to make up for his mother's lack of affection. As secretary to a rich man with a vampirish wife he does not have too good a time, but there is a girl there, of course, who is to be won in the last few pages. A readable story, but not very different from hundreds of others.

❋

IN *The Man Who Could Not See* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mrs. Fred Reynolds gives new life to a hackneyed theme. Her Mara Pantonne is born plain, very plain. She lives in Eastgate with two maiden aunts. When her pretty butterfly of a cousin, Lucille, bears down upon the quiet household Mara is only confirmed in her belief that a really ugly woman has a poor time of it. When another cousin, male this time, and blinded in the War, comes to be nursed, you know more or less what to expect, although it is only fair to say that Mrs. Reynolds, like the practised writer that she is, keeps you guessing as to the exact course of events until the end. Julian does recover his sight, and he does play the fool, for Lucille bears him off and leaves him to sink down. But that is not the end . . . . Mrs. Reynolds has put a great deal of careful work into her study of Mara. One wonders, however, whether she originally intended to make further use of the incident of the rouge and powder.

❋

TWO further volumes of the new Mickleham edition of Meredith (Constable: 5*s.* net per volume) have appeared. Of these, *Diana of the Crossways*, I fancy, has lately been seen on the film—what, one wonders, would Meredith have said to such a representation?—and is probably the most popular of all his novels. But *Evan Harrington*, with its unforgettable portraits of Old Mel. and the rest, is equally gracious. This is easily the most delightful edition yet produced for the small library. R. S.

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

THERE IS *NOTHING OF FINER QUALITY* NOR OF *SUCH GOOD VALUE*

as

"BLACK & WHITE"

OBTAINABLE.

The largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies. This enables them to maintain a Blend of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

MOTOR·NOTES

Now the August Bank Holiday meeting is over, the Junior Car Club's 200 miles race at Brooklands is the chief attraction to the sporting motoring world. It takes place on Saturday, August 19, and special arrangements for the comfort of the spectators has been provided by the executive in a new grand stand at the Fork, where the race starts and finishes, besides refreshment booths and result boards so positioned that the state of the race can be seen and understood, whether the visitor is on the members' hill or at the Fork itself. After this event the Auto-Cycle Union's six days' trial for motor-bikes, with and without side-cars, starts on the following Monday, August 21, so the cycling brigade will traverse Yorkshire and finish at Brooklands on August 26. In the middle of that week there is a motor carnival at Southsea, with prizes for a variety of car events for races on the esplanade, a mile and kilometre sprints. Then the racing folk — the motor-drivers — have a holiday, and I should think they needed it after four months of competitions

Shelsley Walsh hill-climb, near Worcester, attracted a fine crowd of eight thousand spectators, and goodness knows how many cars to bring them there. The fine sunshine made the road a bit too dry for records, as dry skids were the order of the day. Vauxhalls scored in both the open and closed events, the Austin again won the open handicap, while the Aston-Martin cars swept the board of the light car prizes. Little Doris, daughter of George Heath, of Birmingham, won the ladies' prize, both on speed and on handicap, with her 14 h.p. Sunbeam, while Mr. C. A. Bird and Frazer Nash made the two spectacular runs of the day—an exhibition of how to control a fast car when it skids all over the road.

* * *

Nash had the G.N., and buckled the offside back wheel while tearing the tyre from the rim of the front one on that side after hitting both banks above the first bend through skidding. Bird, on the six-cylinder Sunbeam, skidded broadside round the same bend, plucked several chunks of grass from the banks, but did no damage to the car. Both straightened up wonderfully, and finished the hill at fine speeds, so that they were heartily cheered after passing the line.

Old Hy.

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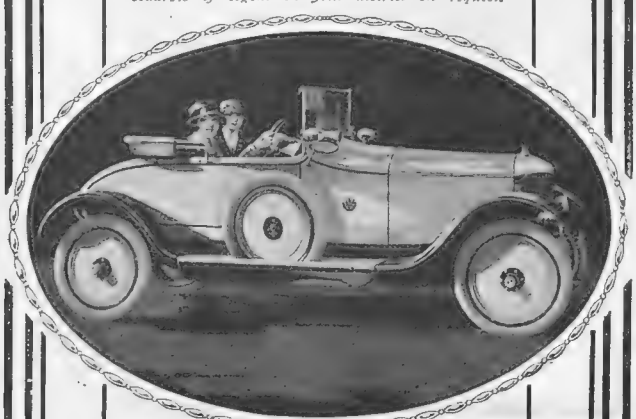

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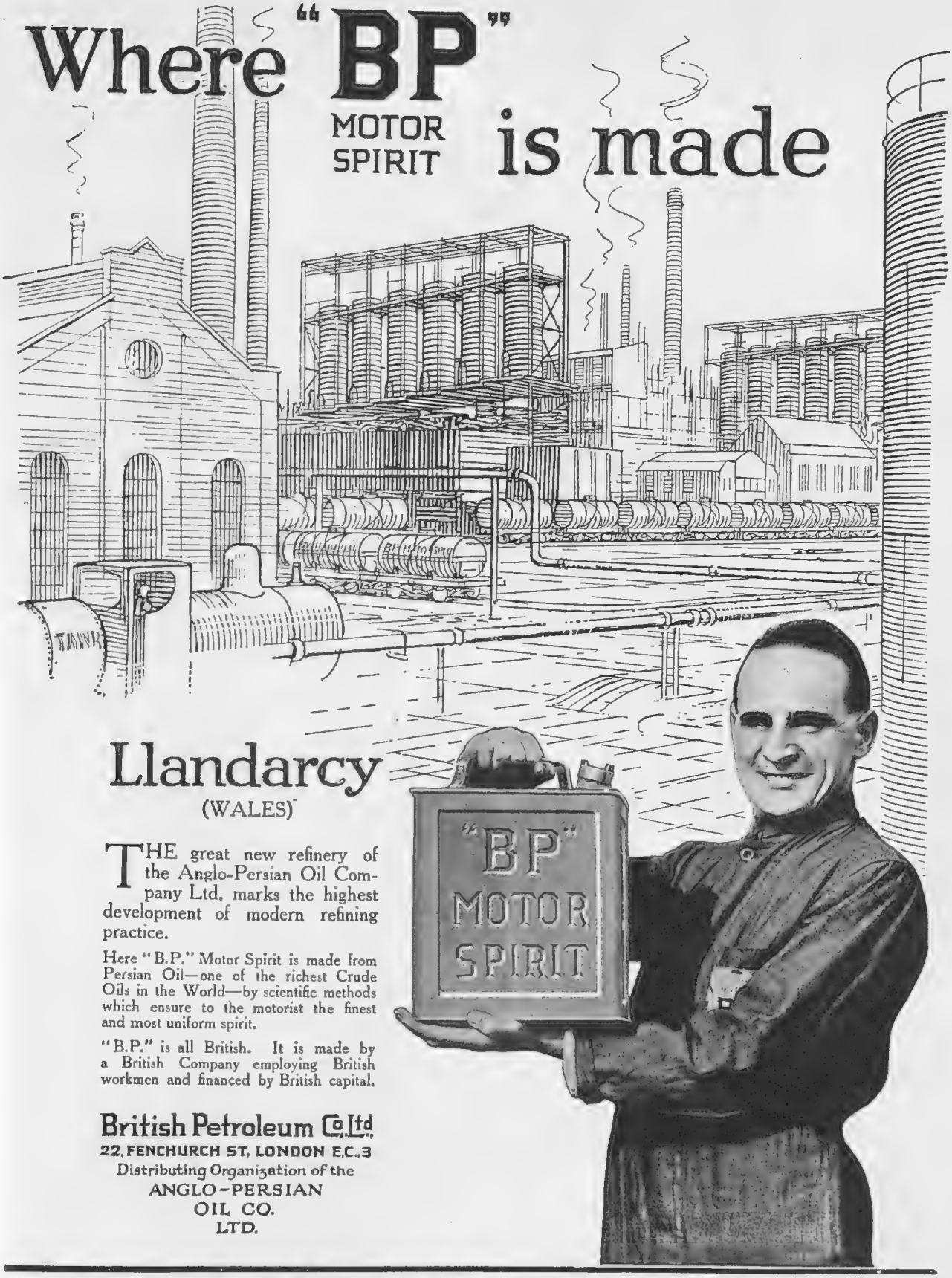

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BYSTANDER

No. 975.—Vol. LXXV. Wednesday, August 9, 1922 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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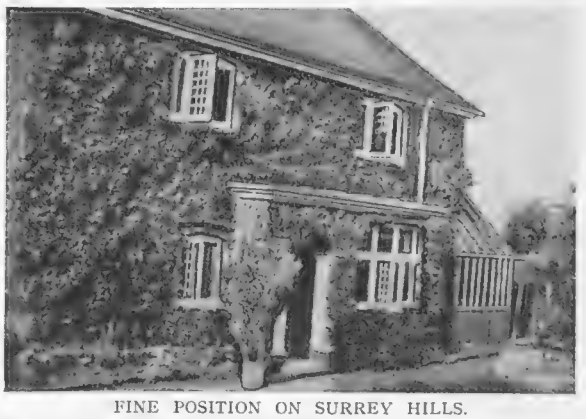

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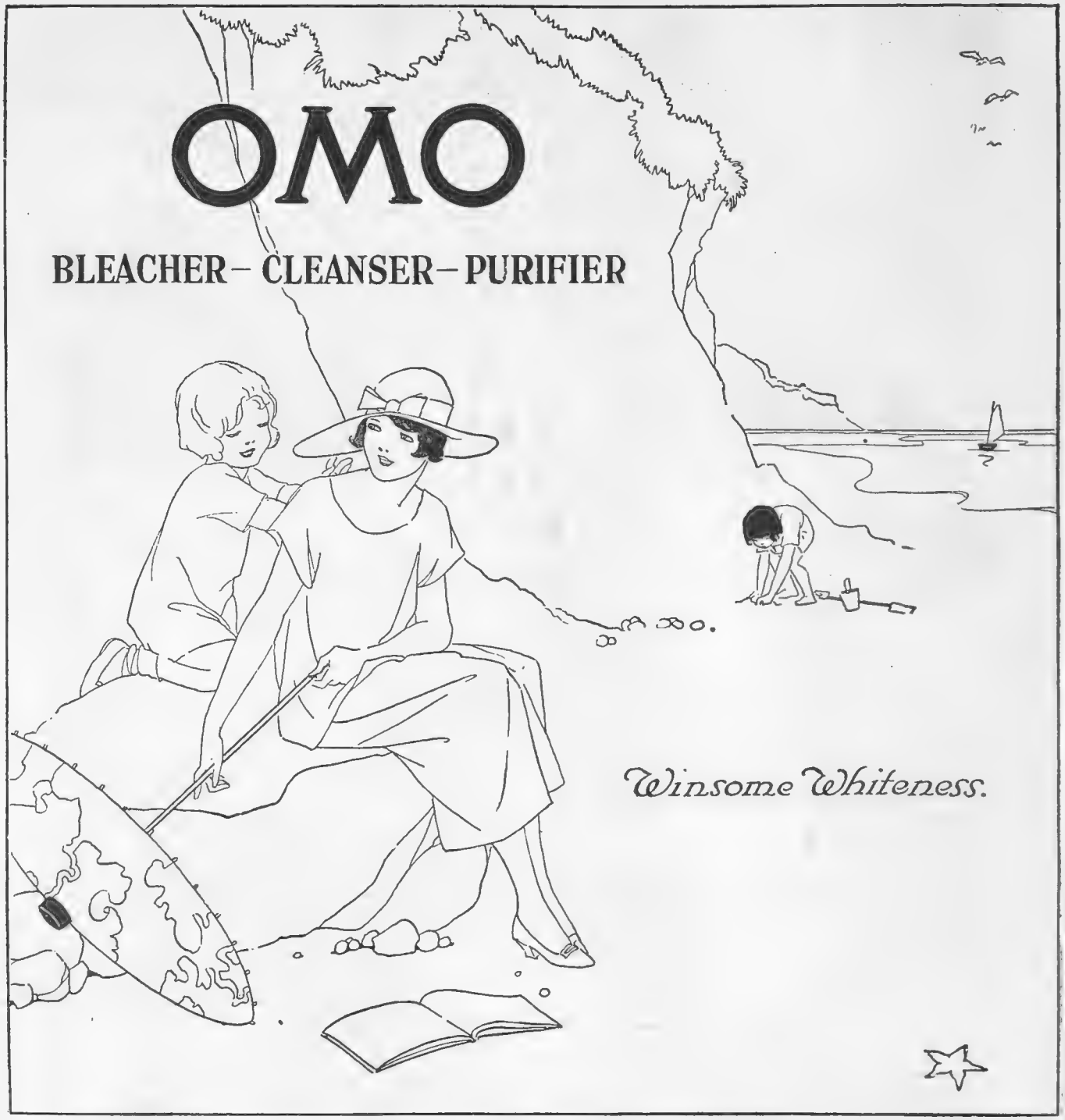

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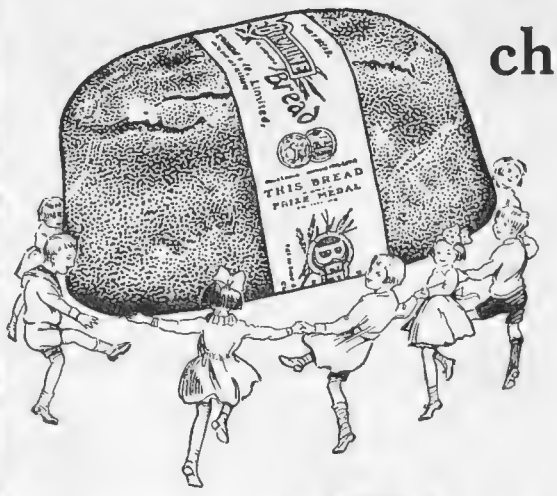

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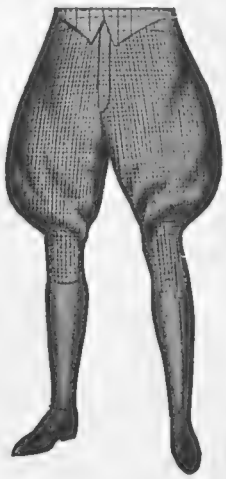

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Millinery of the Moment

EVEN if Henley had not proved the disastrous affair it did, large felt hats would inevitably have been worn and proved a distinctive feature. Many, indeed, in white and delicate shades, had been destined to accompany summer frocks of organdi and the like, attire that had to be speedily replaced by warm knitted suits, jersey dresses, and even rough tweeds and brogues.

A big black felt was worn the week through by one *vraie élégante*, the cleverly blocked brim, with its spreading sides, decked with a spray of water lillies; another in a delicate beige shade lending particular *éclat* to a silk jersey suit of the same *nuance*. These big felt shapes are not cheap, but they are exceedingly covetable, and look equally well with a smart or plain costume or frock.

There is something especially persuasive in one all black, after the style of the example depicted, on which a great *chou* bow of soft black satin ribbon supplies the sole decorative relief. The crowns of these *chapeaux* are usually soft, and of a sufficient height to allow of being squashed in in divers entrancing ways, but the brims are necessarily firm to preserve the decreed slight droop at the sides and general outline, although a blocked crown can be had, as was the case with a pale putty shade, a deep band of *faille* ribbon encircling this, the ends merely crossed at the back and laid flat either side the brim; while for the more dressy occasions there are models of similar character fashioned of zenana *cloqué*, the material that can do no wrong just at present, and which every day appears to make a fresh appearance in both short coats and longer wraps, a subject about which a vast deal will come to be written in the near future.

Varnished Effects

DESPITE the rumours continually floating around that varnished and bright surfaces are on the wane, they still seem to carry on. Anyway, a fresh lease of life appears to have been given to them in hats of varnished straws and leather, and the shiny surface in both has reason in view of the coming months and the occasions for which they are likely to be requisitioned.

Paris is rather *épris* of some small, round hats, sufficiently large in the head, however, to be pressed right down over the eyes, made of varnished leather, arranged in the form of over-lapping petals. One of these in a vivid Royal blue, carried a small black ostrich feather curled coquettishly over the left ear, another in a lovely shade of rose having a bunch of black cherries similarly disposed.

A CHARMING WRAP

This charming child's wrap coat is of wood brown velours de laine trimmed dyed Chinese slink to match, the cape lined tawny burnt orange silk. It is worn with a soft brown felt hat tied round by an orange silk cord

Original design by Betty Nisbet

More or less on these lines is our second original example, which would look charming, and at the same time be found amazingly useful, in brown varnished straw, trimmed with two ruches of *gros* grain ribbon, the lower one brown and the upper a pale fawn. The brown flung-over net veil is delicately embroidered round the edges with silk. In such amenable colouring a little hat after this *genre* could be worn with all sorts of frocks and coats, and skirts. And I have noticed lately quite a *penchant* for navy blue, accompanied by brown headgear, shoes, stockings, gloves, *en-tous-cas*, handbag, and a brown fur animal stole.

TWO EARLY AUTUMN HATS

The first is one of the new large felt shapes, with soft crown and blocked brim; it is black trimmed with a handsome chou bow of black satin ribbon. For the smaller model brown varnished straw is used, ruched with gros grain ribbon in brown and beige

Original designs by Betty Nisbet

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

Looking Ahead

MANY a conference is doubtless being held on the beach between mothers and nurses as to the plan of campaign for early autumn outfits, a subject they will have to tackle immediately on the return home. The participants meanwhile blissfully oblivious of what awaits them.

In the matter of frocks, I hear considerable attention is likely to be accorded wool jersey, and those machine-knitted dresses, silk jerseys being advocated for bettermost models. For the last-named, also, attention may be drawn to wool *marocain*. This should make up into fascinating frocks, wearing better and crushing less than all silk fabrics such as crêpe de Chine, besides being warmer. Checked and plain wool ratine likewise promise to achieve some *chic* results, together with hopsacks and self-coloured homespuns.

For years it has been a never-ending wonder to some of us, how suiting serge has held the place it has for children's dresses, since nothing spots more easily or gathers up the dust. A rough-surfaced West of England quality, perhaps, for coats and skirts, but frankly speaking these savour too much of the uniform to please the really fastidious.

I am all against uniforms for school wear; they are frequently far more expensive in the long run than is ordinary dress, and they also, to my mind, incline to inculcate an indifference to the personal appearance, a fatal error after the teens are entered, and one many mothers find it most difficult to eradicate when their progeny come out, and it is necessary dress should be worn with the delightful unself-consciousness that only comes by experience and custom. I may, of course, be wrong, but that is how it figures out to me.

Pictured on the previous page is an attractive coat of wood-brown *velours de laine*, preferably a French quality, the collar and cuffs of Chinese slink dyed to match, and the short, swinging cape lined tawny burnt orange. The latter is again picked up in a plaited silk cord and pompoms on the soft, brown squash flat hat. The buttons and holes on the coat are merely ornamental, the coat fastening with press studs.

(Continued on page x)

MISS OLIVE WADSLEY

One of the foremost of our fiction writers, whose new book, "Sand," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and is making big sales

Barclay's London Lager

WHEN a relentless sun is scorching the streets and the pavement becomes hot beyond endurance—then the shade of a cool restaurant is welcome; a lunch of crisp lettuce, cucumber and a cold joint, and—for final perfection—a glass of Barclay's London Lager, deliciously cooled and refreshing.

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This is the Empire Edition of the *Daily Graphic*, the oldest morning illustrated paper in London, and still the best. It is published every day of the week except Sunday, and, to make the Empire Edition, the six issues are bound up in an attractive British red wrapper, the whole costing sixpence.

There are lots of weekly papers which give the news of the week in a selected form, but if there be somebody near and dear to you who is far away, that is not enough. This somebody wants to be, as it were, at home day by day, and to be able to follow what has happened in the previous twenty-four hours—just like the people at home. The *Daily Graphics* of a week makes that possible, for they are a minute and continuous record of each day in that week.

Perhaps enough has been said to show just what the Empire Edition of the *Daily Graphic* is, and to whom it appeals, and the only thing now is to get it at sixpence per week, and you can do this by ordering from your newsagent, or direct from the publisher.

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

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Do you want the ideal tailored shirt, and what woman does not? Well, ask for 060 Badminton, and see that you get it. It is quite simple to ensure this, as each garment bears the Badminton woven label. The particular model in question is made of a specially heavy woven crêpe de Chine, a material exclusively for the manufacturers of the Badminton. That is one point. Then it is cut and made by experts throughout, and, consequently, superbly finished, so carries a guarantee to both wear and wash well. In a word, it stands for perfection. Other Badminton shirts there are fashioned of high-grade silk in stripes and plain colours at a long range of prices. Should any difficulty be encountered in obtaining the Badminton the matter should be referred at once to the manufacturers, E. H. Tidswell and Co., 15, New Union Street, London, E.C. 2.

A Remedy for Deafness

Of all sufferings with which we are imposed, deafness is certainly to be grouped among the most acute, and any remedy that aids in the defeat of its consequent suffering is to be recompensed with the widest publicity. "The Acousticon," first invented twenty-three years ago, has now reached such a state of perfection that the combination of battery, microphone, and earpiece make it possible for confirmed deafness to be overcome. Further particulars of this beneficial invention can be had of 18, Hanover Street, London, W. 1.

Photograph *Daniel Chinery*

AN AMERICAN DANCER

Laurka, a clever American dancer, who performs each night at the Ambassadors Theatre in the "Goddess," an Indian play, in which she is the only white actress

Mountain-Climbing Record Beaten

Mr. Eustace Thomas recently made a successful attack upon the Fell twenty-four hours' mountain peak bagging record, previously held by Dr. Wakefield, who is now with the Mount Everest Climbing Expedition, beating it by no fewer than thirteen minutes. The total elevation for the twenty-four hours' record was 25,500 feet. Mr. Thomas is fifty-three years of age, which makes his feat the more remarkable; his blood pressure during training was as low as 100, lower than that of a young man. Krēm-o-vite, a soft cheese made by the firm that markets the well-known St. Ivel products, formed the staple portion of his meals.

A New Fiction Magazine

Very excellent value is presented in the new all-story sevenpenny monthly, "The Corner Magazine," issued by the House of Cassell. The 128 pages of a brilliant first number—published on August 1st—contain a complete new book-length novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim—"Nobody's Man," a story of mystery and love; a host of fascinating contributions by wonderful short story writers, and some delightful cameos—"Told in the Corner Tales."

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IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of Chiffon Velvet Tea Gowns, of which sketch is a typical example.

"ELLA."

GRACEFUL TEA GOWN in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet which slips over the head without any fastening, is caught in at the low waist with side gaugings and self corded belt, has the distinction of the new side trains and is finished with self binds. In a large range of colours and black.

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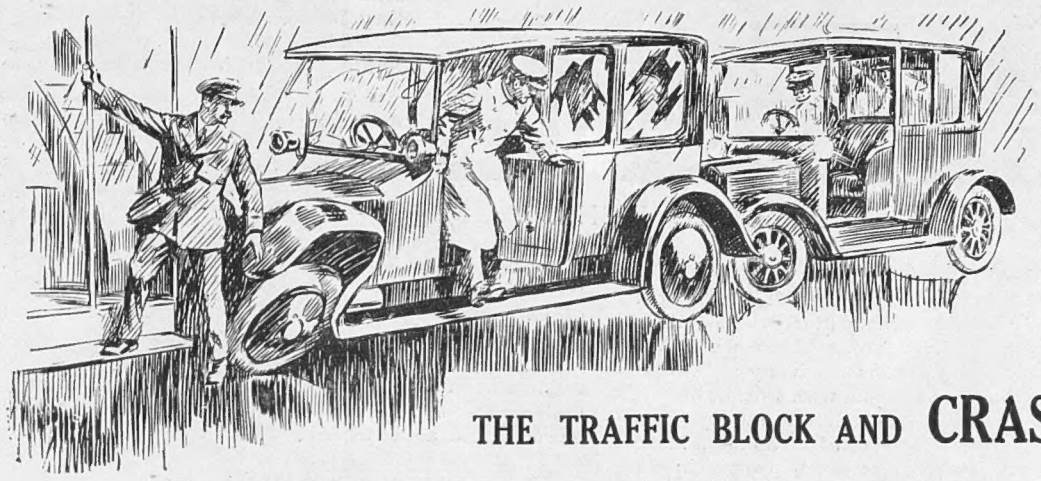

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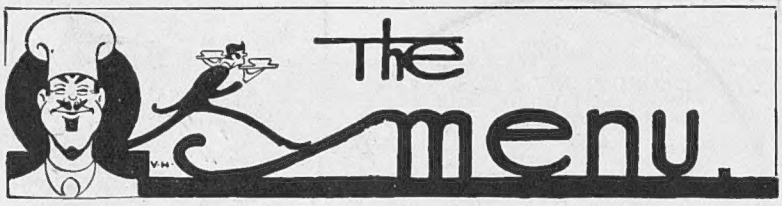

SOME DAINTY VEGETABLE DISHES

Purée of Green Peas

THIS is a useful recipe for peas which are too old to serve plainly boiled. Shell a pint of peas, boil them in a little water, with salt, a pinch of carbonate of soda and a little mint. When cooked, strain them and pass through a sieve. Place the peas in a stewpan with 1 oz. of butter, season with pepper and salt, and add one tablespoonful of cream (or the same quantity of condensed milk). Make very hot and serve. Broad beans can be cooked in the same way and served as a vegetable purée.

Soufflé of Spinach

Two pounds of spinach blanched and braised in margarine or butter for one hour. Put 2 ozs. of butter into a stewpan, stir into it 2 ozs. of flour, and about half a pint of milk. Let it boil till thick, add 2 ozs. of grated cheese and season to taste. Then add the spinach and the yolks of three eggs. Whip the whites very stiff, and add them gradually. Bake in a good oven and serve immediately.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Choose large tomatoes, scoop out the insides, wash them in salt and water, and let them drain on a sieve. Cook some rice until done (it takes fifteen minutes), dry it well, and then stir into it some butter, a *very* little finely-chopped onion and parsley. Fill the tomatoes with this and cook them in the oven until done. Be sure to have some butter on the tomatoes while they are cooking.

Soufflé of Cauliflower à la Baronne

Boil a good-sized cauliflower, cook until tender, then drain and cut up into neat pieces. Place in a buttered soufflé dish with alternate layers of raw shred tomatoes, season with a very little salt and pepper, and cover with the following sauce: Melt 2 ozs. of butter, stir into it 2 ozs. of flour, add half a pint of milk, the raw yolks of three eggs, a dust of cayenne pepper and salt. Stir till it boils. Add 3 ozs. of Parmesan cheese and the whites of the three eggs whipped stiff. Mix well, and pour into a soufflé dish. Bake twenty-five minutes. Either of these dishes, the spinach soufflé or the cauliflower, are particularly recommended as a savoury.

Melon Salad (Iced)

Cut a small melon into rather thin slices. Remove the pulpy part, and put the sliced melon in a deep dish. Season with salt and pepper, and a small teaspoonful of onion purée. Cover and stand on the ice for an hour. Mix in a small basin three tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil with the strained juice of a lemon, one dessertspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, and one tablespoonful of whipped cream. Stir well, pour the dressing over the slices of melon, and serve.

Stewed Cucumber

Peel a cucumber and cut it into rings about half an inch in thickness. Remove the seeds and boil it slightly in a little salted water with a pinch of carbonate of soda. When tender, strain, and add two teaspoonfuls of thick cream (or condensed milk), the juice of half a lemon and, if the milk is unsweetened, a little sugar. Serve as a garnish to cutlets, or as a vegetable.

EMILIA

Serjeant Buzfuz addresses the Jury in the case Bardell v. Pickwick.

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz: "I have, gentlemen of the jury, on my right, heartless cruelty embodied in the form of the defendant.

"I have, at my left, innocence personified in Mrs. Bardell and her tender offspring.

"And in my hand, gentlemen, I hold a tin of a certain delectable confection well known to you all—SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE.

"There, my Lord and Jury, is my case in a nutshell. The defendant Pickwick pats the boy on the head, and after presenting him with a tin of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee, makes use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?'

"Well knowing the superb qualities of this dainty, well knowing its luscious sweetness, that viper in human semblance has gained access to a widow's heart by the simple yet effective method of presenting her son with this tinful of enjoyment."

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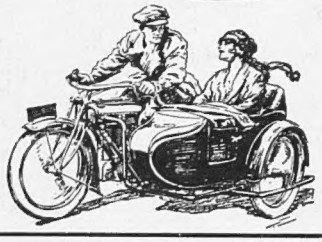

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